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FREE HUEY!

they have turned off the water to alcatraz, what can they mean by that?

the air is heavy around my body with moisture i cannot drink. my body shines. i wait.

i am without water as my people have been without water now these three days. all around us sewage and salt and on the far shore, whitemen, obscene in their cleanliness their watered grass. in the pavilion a young mother, her breasts dry and crackling soon will be without milk. the baby cries/ what does he know? there will be time enough to cry.

i have relearned the ways of the past, drilled out of me these many years by your schools. i have my bow my knife. soon will come a boat from your mainland, with whitemen well fed and watered; and they will ask us if we are yet ready to leave. and will kindly offer us to ride to the mainland; and perhaps kindly offer us not to prosecute for trespass (upon this OUR LAND) and they will be kind enough (these indians are like children. you got to be strict.) as they reason with us ridiculously breaking even NOW. before you all all you people they are laughing even now at you breaking even now our treaty. and you will not act. you never have.

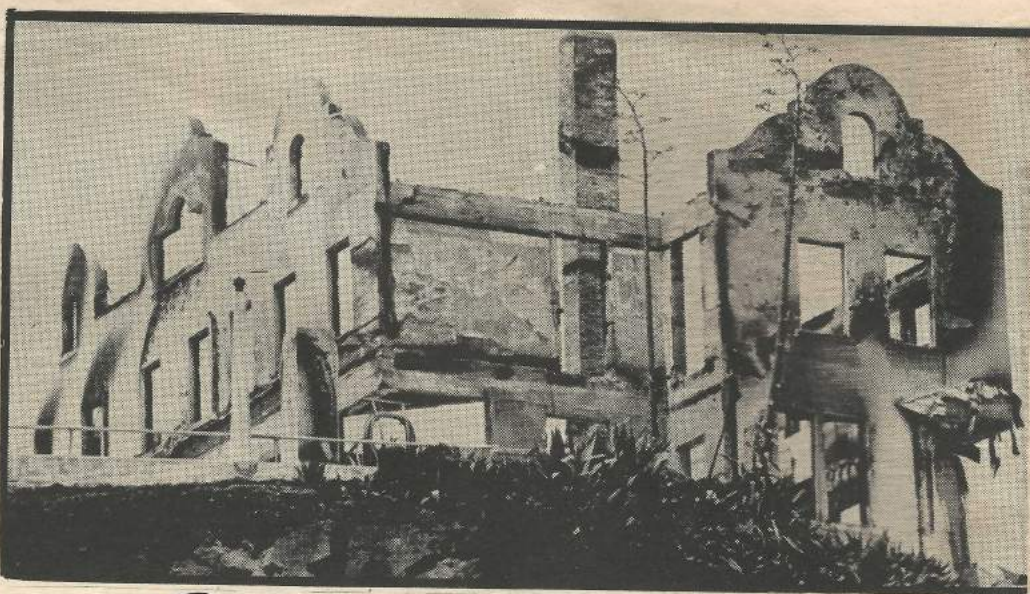
but i think they may stay on our island longer than they planned (the boat bobbing dancing at the dock) and i think they will taste of thirst and hunger. and i think they will think again.

the seagulls shriek with crazy. the taste of salt is on my lips. last night there were fires on alcatraz. 3 buildings burned to the ground. there was no water to put them out. the coast guard arrived offering to evacuate everybody to "safety." it was the first warm bite on alcatraz anyone could remember. why leave? the tower stairs this morning had an extra twist to turn.

the government has decided. it's time to get rid of them redskins. and toward that end, have cut off all water and electricity to the island. rumor has it that as of wednesday an embargo goes up around alcatraz. but tonight the boats go out bringing wet barrels full. the indians are not worried. they have seen worse than this. just one more thing. . . on about their business unperturbed. peace, and land. they show no desire nor any intention of fighting, or leaving. there are 100 strong on alcatraz. this skin is darker than yesterday. soon it will blend with my leather dress. my feet are tough as rawhide. my footing silent now. can you count the broken treaties. backwards starting today? i plait a piece of yarn into my braid a bit of leather to tie it. but the indian rapoff was long ago. our fathers in their greed and blindness long ago were guilty. lie, they steal today. they are not yet satisfied.

on certain days the young men huddle together in a low round tent with their holy teacher. and to the hut are brought red-heated stones. water is poured over them making heavy steam and they pray with him until the night is gone and they sweat together until the prayer is done.

Detroit Annie



alcatraz



Larry Bensky was fired by KSAN last week. But after the Roland Young, Glenn Howell, and Scoop Nysker firings, it wasn't much of a surprise. Least of all to Larry.

The KSAN story's been a long time comin'.

Once upon a time a group of freaks started underground radio amidst corporate Amerika. They got on a San Francisco station, KMPX, that was losing money. They made it free, loose, and fairly successful. As it got more successful, the station owner tried to make it less loose and free. So it would be MORE successful.

There was a strike called at the right astrological moment. Incense and dope hung over the picket line like a cloud. But KMPX hired scabs and the freaks were out in the street.

So they hunted around and got on with KSAN, which had been losing lots of money. They made it free, loose, and fairly successful. So the station's owner (Metromedia, a division of Transamerica Corporation) decided it would be MORE successful if it were a bit less free and loose.

Now, the freaks still had their integrity but they didn't want to go back out in the street. Dig? So, when the station started running shitty ads, they offered to take a pay cut. Anything, just so they could keep the original format. But the station brushed them off. And they didn't fight it.

It grew. And now you can hear ads from Standard Oil, Copper Penny Plastic Restaurants, Luigi's Assembly Line Spaghetti Den, Instant Nutrament, and Hamm's Beer ("Hamm's is the next best thing to love"). They even had Maidenform Bra ads for awhile. And "The Female Animal" (that was a movie) and. . . As Larry Bensky says, "All those consumer messages from plastic Amerika."

But even with the ads, KSAN was still heavy.

Roland Young was on from 10 to 2 at night. It was probably the heaviest radio program in history. Young, a black man, played superb music and spiced it with raps about what was going down in Amerika.

When he related to David Hillard's "death threat" to Richard Outhouse Nixon, he was fired. "There were meetings after Roland got fired," says Bensky, "but people couldn't relate to his situation since almost everyone on the staff is a racist." The staff failed to act.

Glenn Howell, another black DJ, was repeatedly warned by station manager Willis Duff to "play less jazz." "What he really meant," says Bensky, "was don't play that nigger music." Howell was forced out. The staff failed to act.

Scoop Nysker, a white newsman, pioneered a new art form on KSAN. He perfected the radio news collage. But this form too often pointed out the insanity of Amerika's "leaders." This was too far out. Scoop was fired, and collages were banned from the news format. The staff failed to act.

While Metromedia was emasculating its "hip underground" radio station, the listeners didn't do much. There were a couple of protests over the firings, and one over the idiotic and sexist Travis T. Hipp Show. Some people got busted. But there was never enough pressure to make Metromedia responsive to the community.

Then it was Larry's turn. For several months after Scoop got fired, Larry was a one-man news bureau. He worked his ass off trying to serve the people. But he knew his days were numbered. Last week he got the axe.

"He was fired for 'failure to follow policies and directives,'" according to station manager Duff. "For the last few months he's been off on his own kick. We wanted news without editorial comment, without slant," says Duff. When asked for specific examples of slanting, he said, "I could but I'd rather not."

"The real fact was I was getting madder and madder about the government's lies on Cambodia and Vietnam," says Larry. "I did want to expose the lies and bullshit of the establishment media."

Larry was fired right after a newscast which caused KSAN to run retractions throughout the day. He'd interviewed employees of Jean's West, a hip clothing chain out of Los Angeles with eight branches in northern California.

They said all salespeople at Jean's West were required to take an annual LIE DETECTOR test. Now, this isn't to work in the CIA or the Rad Lab. This is to work in a goddam clothing store!

The salespeople have to go to the three-dimensional plastic blue-and-white chessboard known as the Jack Tar Hotel. They go into a room where a man from L.A. administers the test.

He asks whether they've stolen anything. He also asks if they've seen any other employees stealing or smoking dope on the job. 1984 or what?

Later that morning Larry was called into Duff's office and fired. "I was going to discuss why we were letting him go," said Duff. He insists the decision had been made BEFORE the Jean's West broadcast. "I hadn't heard it," said Duff.

The retractions said the newscast was "inaccurate and incomplete", and they fell all over themselves apologizing. But when I talked to Duff, he didn't dispute the basic facts. They lied on the air

about Jean's West," says Larry.

Duff would only say there was "another side" and "they had a heavy ripoff problem." The idea of compulsory lie-detector tests in a "hip" store didn't seem to upset him at all.

Jean's West is a pretty big advertising account for KSAN. "But it would have been just as serious had they NOT been advertisers," Duff insists. At any rate, they got their retraction. And they continue to advertise on KSAN.

Larry didn't get any support from the staff either. "I guess they think I'm too political. They're only interested in their own bodies, their own pleasures, their own \$250 a week," he says.

"KSAN is becoming the most hypocritical exploiter of the rock music culture," says Larry. "Most of the announcers aren't young and have no contact with youth culture."

As for station manager Duff, "He's a fascist pig. He gets \$30,000 a year to act as a censor between the corporation and the people."

As Duff went on about "objective, factual presentation" and his definition of a journalist, he told me they have a new format for news on KSAN. Now that Scoop and Larry are gone.

I can't comment on it, though. 'Cause I don't listen to KSAN anymore.

—Otisey, don't shoot that gun. The cops are going to kill us. They're going to kill us.

—Otis

KSAN KRAK DOWN



PHOTOS/ Detroit Annie

The very prospect of Huey Newton's possible release from jail is astounding. To conceive of Huey out on the street stretches the imagination.

Some of us remember Huey when he and Bobby Seale were selling red books at the corner of Bancroft and Telegraph to make money to buy guns.

We didn't think much at the time, he seemed a little crazy. Mao and guns didn't really make it. It was enough of a struggle to get people who were stopping busses from delivering human cannon fodder to the Oakland Induction Center to resist arrest.

Huey was way ahead of everybody. He was in touch with himself, and the black community knew what he had to do, and he was not afraid to act.

He used to say that he couldn't die.

Everyone thought the Panthers were crazy when they stormed the legislature in Sacramento carrying guns. People thought Huey was out of his mind when he faced off against a San Francisco Pig, daring him with his shotgun against the pig's pistol while accompanying Betty Shabazz on a visit there.

Bobby Seale was in People's Park a year ago and told of how Huey would take four people in his volkswagon, named the "grey roach" and drive across the Adeline Street railroad tracks in Oakland, without even looking to see if a train was coming. He once had a narrow miss. His passengers complained.

"I can't die," Huey replied.

Bobby finished by telling us that we were all in that 'grey roach' with Huey, and if we didn't act because of our fear of death we would never move across those tracks.

After the shootout, Huey became well known as a symbol of black liberation, as a gentle man who spoke softly about the

HUEY P. NEWTON IS THE BADDEST MOTHERFUCKER WHO EVER SHIT BETWEEN 2 SHOES"

—BABY DEE



revolution on the witness stand. He spoke softly, but there was a dead pig left behind in West Oakland.

"If anything happens to Huey, the sky is the limit."
But a compromise verdict by a

confused jury and a vicious sentence and bail refusal by an ancient judge put Huey behind bars for a term of 2-15 years.

Huey, locked in his cell, still refusing all compromise with piggery, still not afraid to die or remain in jail, slowly began to fade from public view.

It was hard to relate to him as a man because it was so utterly painful to reflect on him remaining in a cell for fifteen years. Instead it was easier to remember him as a name, a poster, a symbol, as if he had died two and a half years ago in West Oakland. It was difficult to conceive that Huey P. Newton, the founder of the Black Panther Party from so long ago, was still alive—living each day that we did, getting up in the morning and seeing that cell.

Now a group of appeals court judges have decided that Huey's trial was such a miscarriage of justice that they can't uphold it, even to keep the leading black revolutionary of our country in jail, without totally destroying what's left of the court's image as an impartial institution.

And if the State Supreme Court agrees, Huey may soon be out on the street again, rejoining his brothers and sisters in the fight he did so much to start.

SHORT SHIT

C.I. AGAIN

New York

The CIA was part of the coup that deposed Prince Sihanouk from power! In a television interview, Captain Robert Frank Marasco, head of Green Beret B-57 Intelligence Operations in Cambodia, stated that Sihanouk's generals had needed help to dispose the Prince, and that the CIA agents in the area were qualified to participate in political action as well as information gathering.

Marasco was involved in the execution

of an alleged triple-agent, Thai Khac Chuyen. If Chuyen had revealed to he South Vietnamese that American spies were working in Cambodia, shit would have started flying in all directions; the fact that there were no Vietnamese counter-parts to the spies and Cambodia's neutrality under Sihanouk made the operations totally illegal.

This, along with reports that Sihanouk was in secret contact with the Viet Cong, spurred the CIA's aid to the military take-over.

NON-KOM KLAN

Washington

The KKK is alive and well in West Germany! Report has come from Specialist Edward Kaneta that a 47-man unit of the Ku Klux Klan is in action at his army base.

Kaneta was beaten by white sergeants after he became friendly with blacks on the base. He said the Klansmen, mostly non-commissioned officers, carry cards and hold regular meetings in the barracks.

The Army, needless to say, is ignoring the charges.

COURTS DROOL

Sacramento

Six of the seven Panthers arrested on murder conspiracy charges in the May 9 sniper shooting of Patrolman Bernard Bennett, were arraigned in court Thursday. The seventh is being held in juvenile court.

The pigs were saying that the seven Panthers broke a store window, hoping to attract the attention of a patrol car so they could ambush him.

The courts are drooling with pleasure at the possibility of frying more Panthers this summer, and they're holding all the defendants without bail.

DINNER'S SERVED

Oakland

An explosion tore through the dining-room of Oakland ex-pig chief Robert Preston's house on Monday,

causing \$2000 worth of damage.

The bomb was very simply constructed of a plumbing pipe with black powder inside and amatch-lit fuse.

CLIFF HANGER

J. Edgar Hog's Gestapo agents are swarming all over Berkeley, and they will be for the next few weeks. We must stick together and not start freaking out. They're here for two main reasons: the gathering of general intelligence as part of their Weatherman investigation and their yearly saturation of key areas of resistance to check out the scene.

We should all become familiar with their tactics: Calling persons by their first names to freak them out, coming by lots

of persons' homes to threaten them into talking, saying they are old friends of so and so from some university or fraternity and hey would like to get in touch with him or her, and general harassment and surveillance.

Most of their trip is psychological and is aimed at loosening people's tongues and scaring them.

So remember, if an FBI pig asks you for directions, steer him to the nearest cliff.

Revolutionary karma builds thru small acts: thanks muchly jim and jeff.

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stew wins



Q. In the election for Sheriff of Alameda County, Stew, you recieved over 65,000 votes. Is this a victory?

STEW ALBERT: Yes, it's a great victory for the new nation we're trying to build. What it demonstrates is that we're a majority in Alameda County.

Q. You got less votes than Madigan. How do you see that we're a majority?

STEW: Take my votes, which I take to be anti-police; many of the people who voted for me did not know who I was. They just knew I was running against the high pig of Alameda County. They could no longer stomach him so they voted for me.

CAMBODIA CACHE

RUSTY

RUMMAGE

by Sgt Pepper

"American Express announces it has dropped visits to Phnom Pehn, Angkor Wat and Siem Reap in Cambodia...not too surprisingly, considering."

—Georgia Hesse, SF Chronicle Travel Editor

While Hitler was murdering the Jews in Germany, the Olympic games were held in Berlin. Not too surprising, considering.

Last week, a businessman challenged Pres Nixon on his endorsement of the construction workers' violence against the students. According to 'Newsweek,' Nixon replied that a construction worker's son was killed this year in Vietnam "and if I had moved into Cambodia earlier, that bullet would not have been there."

Without putting down the grief of this worker over his son's death, Sgt Pepper would like to say that Nixon's reply is not to the point. Rather, the point is:

THERE ARE SONS YET UNBORN AND BULLETS YET UNMADE THAT WILL MEET ON SOME ASIATIC BATTLEFIELD UNLESS WE TURN NIXON AND AMERICAN CAPITALISM AROUND FROM ITS ROLE OF DEFENDING ITS SOURCES OF RUBBER, TIN, OIL, WITH THE LIVES OF AMERICAN BOYS!

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco. a

disturbing article appeared in Sunday's Examiner (May 31) about Cambodia, disturbing in that it raises points contrary to what many of us had believed to be true.

Beyond Cambodia are the opium-poppo fields of Laos, where the CIA prince, Souvanna Phouno, has called for foreign volunteers. And beyond Laos is Thailand that "now has more prostitutes than Buddhist monks" thanks to American "influence" (Prof Herbert Phillips, vice chairman of the Center for Southeast Asian Studies, UC Berkeley).

The captured bases in Cambodia have proved to be more interesting than heretofore thought, but for different reasons than stated. Examples...

The SF Examiner points out that "US officials concede the stockpiles could be replenished by THREE (emphasis added) well-loaded Soviet or Chinese ships if the North Vietnamese manage to reopen Sihanoukville (the port of entry) after US withdrawal..."

What in the hell is three ships? Is THAT what this 13-pronged invasion of Cambodia is all about?

Time Magazine also casts a jaundiced eye towards these "sanctuaries." In their June 1 issue, they ask the question: "Just how important are those caches?" and makes the following points (which tend to bear out what the Examiner says):

"The 11,805 rifles, pistols and

people's victory

So you take those votes, and all the high school kids who hate the cops, who are hassled and busted by them, who can't vote, and then those revolutionary blacks and freaks who just don't vote at all because they have totally given up on voting, then you have a majority.

Eldridge is right, there are more people in Alameda County than pigs.

Q. Do you see your high vote being translated into any kind of action?

STEW: Well, I'd like to see a march from Berkeley to Santa Rita. In my campaign the main issue was the oppression by Madigan and the pigs of the people in Santa Rita, mostly blacks and chicanos. Every Sunday we went out to Santa Rita and leafleted and rapped with the families of the prisoners. The last Sunday we gave out campaign buttons that had a gun on it and said "SMASH SANTA RITA." The people took it enthusiastically and wore them into prison, right in front of the pigs. So I think the leafletting should go on and I think that we should make more and more direct contact with the prisoners. We've made some and we should continue.

The people of Santa Rita are the most oppressed in the county and we have to join with them in a liberation struggle.

A march to Santa Rita would focus national attention on the fascist life style of Santa Rita. I think Congressman Ron Dellums should lead the march.

Q. When you say liberation struggle are you talking about a future "Bastille Day"?

STEW: I know someday the prisoners of Santa Rita will rise up and destroy the place, and that thousands on the outside will join them. So the answer is yes.

Q. Do you see any immediate change in the operation of Santa Rita as a result of your high vote?

STEW: Pigs are the most paranoid people in the world. They see my 65,000 votes as 65,000 cop killers.

Q. Are they right?

STEW: I hope so. I think the pigs are shocked and angry at the large vote, just as the prisoners must be shocked and happy.

It's hard to predict how they will react in Santa Rita. But I'm sure about this, the prisoners will be a lot more confident and struggle a lot more aggressively.

In jail prisoners feel alone, deserted. Most of them in Santa Rita, particularly the blacks, never get visits. Or when they do get them they're from hostile bill collectors. This makes them feel worthless and like shit. And it helps to make them go on a self hate trip and fight among themselves. The knowledge that there are 65,000 people out here who support them will make a big impact and a good one.

Q. What impact will your high vote have on the pigs in the general community?

STEW: Again, it's hard to say what crazy pigs will do but I hope the knowledge that we are a majority in Alameda County will make us struggle harder just like Santa Rita.

Q. When you talk about struggle in the community do you mean armed struggle?

STEW: We are at the stage of revolution where many forms of struggle are necessary, among those, armed struggle.

Q. In your campaign you urged the formation of a Berkeley People's Militia. How is that progressing?

STEW: There is no People's Militia in Berkeley, but there should be one. I know lots of radical sisters and brothers who are buying guns. They shouldn't just keep them locked in closets. That's right-wing kookiness: each house a private fort.

People who are arming themselves should get together and organize politically. Their buying a piece would have far more revolutionary significance if they did that. I think the B.T.U. organizing in the community could plan an important role in building this militia.

Q. What significance do you see in the election of Ron Dellums to congress?

STEW: It's a great victory for the black people. They voted as a nation for one of their own against a pig liberal. I think Ron Dellums will speak out for the immediate freeing of Bobby Seale on the floor of Congress. His election will help build a national movement in support of black liberation.

Q. Why didn't you have a statement about yourself and your qualifications in the pamphlet that was mailed out with the sample ballots? Madigan had one.

STEW: Not everyone knows it but that statement costs \$2000. to be printed in that pamphlet. I didn't have the money. The money for my filing fee was donated & borrowed.



70 will be the year of victory for la Huelga. After five years of struggle, five long years of hardship for the farm workers and their families, the power of the growers is beginning to crumble.

At this point only a few growers, representing about 5% of the table grape acreage in the state, have signed with the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, but the position of the growers is weakening and the final assault that will lead to victory is about to begin.

But the success of the grape strike is not limited to its effect on California agri-business. By challenging the power of the growers and putting the theory of serving the people into practice, the UFW has made "Viva la Huelga! Viva la Raza!" the rallying cry of an emerging Chicano revolutionary movement throughout the Southwest.

On November 9, 1969 the 7th Annual Convention of the Alianza Federal de Pueblos Libres called for the creation of a new nation—La Republica de Aztlan. This new nation is symbolic of the spirit of unity of the Chicano people that has grown out of la Huelga. "Aztlan" is the ancient Aztec name for the American Southwest, the homeland of over seven million members of "la Raza," and the victory grape strikers will be a triumph for Aztlan.

The grape strike began in Delano in September of 1965 when the Delano growers refused to discuss union

recognition procedures with the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. In August of 1967, in response to illegal recruitment of green-card strikebreakers and a court injunction limiting union picket line activity in the fields, the UFW began an international boycott of California table grapes.

The boycott has progressively eroded the position of the growers over the passed two and one-half years causing a 35% drop in the grape market volume (despite the fact that the Department of Defense increased its purchases of table grapes by nearly 400% during the same period.)

The growers are feeling the economic pinch and the UFW and MECHA (the Chicano student movement) are calling for a new offensive in the fields to drive the point home and win the grape strike.

This weekend people from all over Aztlan, Chicano and whites alike, will converge on the Coachella Valley to demonstrate solidarity with the UFW and bring the Valley's grape industry to a halt.

About 300 people will remain in Coachella for at least a week to help the UFW intensify the struggle to stop the picking and shipping of scab grapes. The growers in the Coachella Valley have suffered the effects of the boycott and the time has come to increase the pressure and drive them to the negotiating table.

SALE

submachine guns captured so far could equip 33 Communist battalions. But the 126 battalions in the lower half of South Vietnam that rely on these caches are already fully equipped. Also, most of the rifles (captured) are dated SKS models that were replaced by the AK-47 TWO YEARS AGO (emphasis added).

"The 3,334 tons of captured rice could feed 90,000 troops for 50 days. But much more than that has been captured in each of the last three years with no apparent effect on the enemy. (Yeah! — added).

"The 1,700 tons of captured ammunition is a huge haul. Yet two thirds of it is .51 cal ammunition used for antiaircraft purposes. The small-arms ammunition used by the average paddy-field-variety Viet Cong totals only 75 tons."

Time also accuses "official intelligence estimates" of being "judiciously juggled" to make it all look better for Nixon.

Mrs. Madeline Duckles, of Berkeley, was in Hanoi and Haiphong (its port) recently this year. She tells in her talks that she saw "six Russian freighters and two Chinese freighters unloading" at Haiphong while she was there.

Remember — according to "US officials" it would take only THREE boatloads to replace what we took in Cambodia. Judge accordingly therefore just how long this war will be kept going.

Ron Dellums, black candidate for the Oakland/Berkeley congressional district has a fat 7,000 vote cushion with nearly all precincts in. White Berkeley campaign workers explained he was unavailable for comment after a close primary victory, thus offing incumbent congressman Jeffery Cohelan and his masquerading.

Because he has spoken out to neutralize the fascist tactics of Mayor Johnson, Mussolini John De Bonis (and their ilk), the Dellums victory is potentially a win for NUMBERS of people, rather than one man's career in liberal democratic politics. Shucking off the black candidate as "just another Tom" (co-opting our time and energy) is a white racist attitude.

The voter turnouts in the black area of Oakland were heavy compared to white liberal precincts in Berkeley. Dellums was elected BY the black community. This community has witnessed the persecution of Huey Newton, Bobby Seale, and the Panther Party's programs for self-determination.

By winning, Dellums beat not only Cohelan, but the old style of black politics too. Black candidates are traditionally "picked" by the white liberal machinery. For example, long established black city councilman, William Sweeney, openly supported the white war monger Cohelan, while the Dellums campaign, directed and organized by blacks, showed the true change in awareness, that is people digging a man who advocates programs initiated by the Black Panther Party. These people are on the move. What Dellums will do remains to be seen, but in an awakened community, it won't go unnoticed.



GOD DAMN the INFORMER !

A couple of weeks ago, Hard Hats in New York City held a monster rally in support of genocide in Cambodia.

Amidst wild cheering, George Demmerle was introduced as a super-spy hero: the FBI informer who had infiltrated the Yippies and set up the bust of Jane Alpert, Sam Melville, and David Hughey for the "New York Bomber Conspiracy"

Afterwards, newsmen from WBAI and the New York POST interviewed him. The TRIBE got hold of the tape, and we're running it as a short handbook on pig mentality.

George Demmerle was one of the most loved people in the New York movement. We called him 'Prince Crazy'. There are many stories now about George and the Crazies — that all Crazies are cops, that George was the maximum leader and led all chants and actions, that George thought up all the Crazy disruptions.

This much is sure — George is objectively a pig. He had a lot of us fooled. It is depressing and disgusting that good people all over the movement were tainted by him, and that now three loving brothers and sisters were busted by him.

In court all three of the alleged bombers pled guilty, obviously accepting some sort of deal. In an article in RAT, Jane Alpert explained that they had to do it because they would all face a tremendous amount of time in jail if they went through a trial and were convicted.

Sentencing was set for the middle of June.

Meanwhile, Janie jumped bail and went underground.

When the police discovered this, they arrested David Hughey. He is now being held without bail.

Sam Melville, who has been in jail since the arrest, has tried several escapes. After each of them he has been placed in solitary confinement for long periods of time.

The Georges in the movement must be prevented from destroying us. We'll have to drop our stupid sectarian hang-ups and collectively protect ourselves by cleaning our houses, demanding good politics of each other, watching for those who watch us, and thinking and acting towards each other as brothers and sisters.

This is George Demmerle.

The Bureau more or less gave me a free reign to go where I felt I could gain the most information — where I could be of the most benefit.

Originally, I was to go to Progressive Labor, but the rhetoric was just too much for me to stomach at that time. It takes time for one to develop an ability to — you know — to live with an alien philosophy, and to accept it to a point where you're comfortable with it.

PRESS: What year was this Progressive Labor activity?

DEMMERLE: '66.

PRESS: After that, what were the groups you were with?

DEMMERLE: Let's see... Revolutionary Contingent, U.S. Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam,...

PRESS: What did you do in these groups?

DEMMERLE: Mostly demonstrations and planning. With the Revolutionary Contingent, we did some practising in the mountains, guerrilla warfare. We also met up in Canada during Expo with some delegates from the Cuban government...

PRESS: Were the people in the Revolutionary Contingent mostly kids?

DEMMERLE: No, not really kids... I'd say they were from about 18 up to my age — in fact, there were a couple older.

PRESS: Where did this take place?

DEMMERLE: Right here in New York City. Revolutionary Contingent functioned here.

PRESS: What happened to the group?

DEMMERLE: It disbanded.

PRESS: With that arrest, I assume? (i.e. Melville, Alpert, Hughey)

DEMMERLE: Well, it was lack of funds mostly... internal dissention, different ideological beliefs.

PRESS: How difficult was it to win the confidence of the groups in which you were working?

DEMMERLE: Not difficult at all.

PRESS: How did you go about it?

DEMMERLE: Well, I'd say my real progress was around Abbie Hoffman. I just imitated Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. They made fools out of the kids, and I did the same thing. There was no difference. I called myself Prince Crazy, and I had no trouble.

PRESS: Did you have to be a super-radical in order to get to a position of trust?

DEMMERLE: Well... yeah, yeah. I went upstate several times for shooting, practicing with rifles, sideguns... with Revolutionary Contingent and others.

PRESS: So then you had to be more or less in the vanguard. Did you push the work of the group forward in order to gain credence?

DEMMERLE: Never, never... That would be... hmmm... I'd like to slide over that.

PRESS: Wait a minute — what do you mean? Would you talk about what you mean?

DEMMERLE: By 'forwarding', do you mean leadership, or just going in with it?

PRESS: No — I mean leadership: coming up with projects, and things like that.

DEMMERLE: No, no I didn't. Well, on minor things which were in the realm of legality or borderline over... uh, you do take steps where you have to.

PRESS: George, could you tell us what was it that lead you to begin this type of career?

DEMMERLE: It was more or less a projection-analysis on my own part, from the literature I had read from all sources — left wing, right wing, — and in a sense like forecasting what would be happening.

prince
crazy



PRESS: How did you get in with the Panthers?

DEMMERLE:... I threw a couple of benefits for the Panthers.

PRESS: What kinds of personal contacts developed from those benefits?

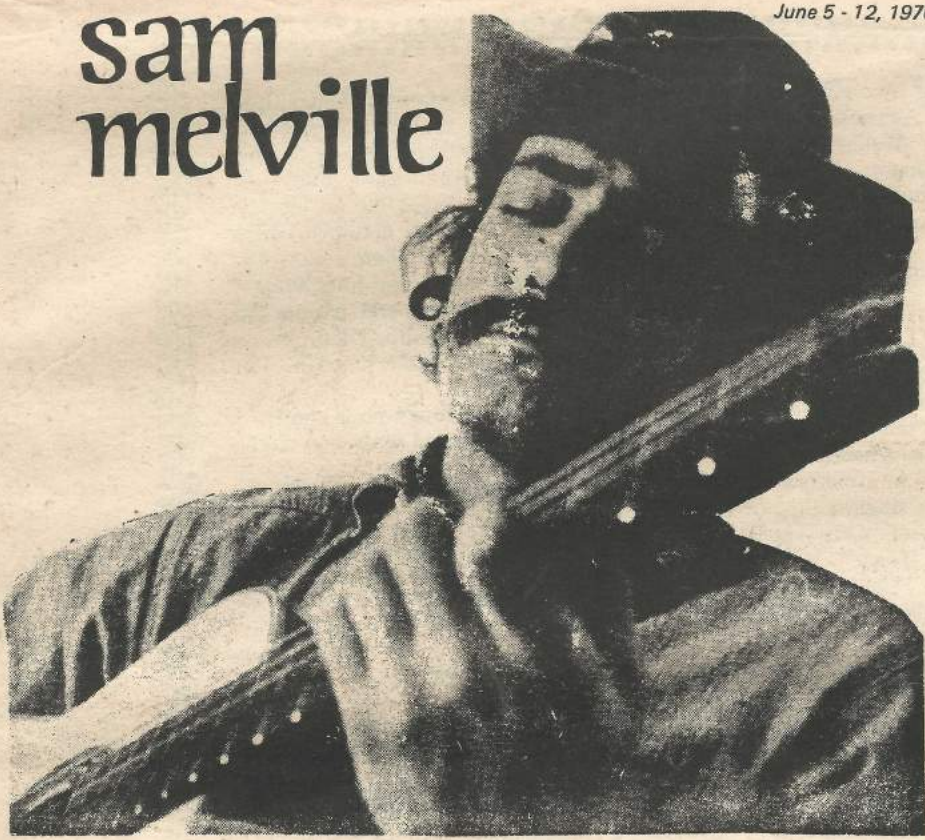
DEMMERLE: Well, the benefits themselves just brought me to their attention — you know, just as a figure. I got in pretty close with Arthur Turce, who's an attorney for the Panthers. He's now wanted for murder. I believe murder or accessory to murder.

PRESS: When you started out you were not an informer, is that right? You joined one of these groups and then you volunteered your services?

DEMMERLE: Yeh. When I went into the left I was independent.

PRESS: Why did you get in touch with the FBI?

sam melville



DEMMERLE: I was accumulating general intelligence. In itself it's meaningless. But put together with other materials, it has relevance and meaning.

PRESS: Relevance to what?

DEMMERLE: To the direction in which a group is moving. For example, you take an individual who's in one group — if he moves from that group to another group and if it's more militant, you know exactly where he's coming from. — You can sort of build up a whole backlog on an individual — you can actually anticipate where that person will show up in the future.

PRESS: So you thought the trend of events was leading towards the group you were working with becoming dangerous to the nation?

DEMMERLE: Yes.

PRESS: What group was that? Where'd you start?

DEMMERLE: The Revolutionary Contingent. Then I was switched over to Yippie And Yippie! was probably the most dangerous of all.

PRESS: Why?

DEMMERLE: Well, look at their attorney Kunstler, or Jerry Rubin: they tell the kids to burn the schools down, to spill blood. So the kids, like fools, spill their own blood — while Abbie Hoffman sits up in his penthouse, raking in tons of money. I don't know how much he's making, but he's making a fortune, he's a capitalist! And he's hoodwinked the whole college campus movement in this country. What's supposed to be lawful dissent becomes a crazed mob. Abbie proposes that students become drug addicts, run naked, burn down their schools, and return to living in caves.

PRESS: How'd you infiltrate the Crazies and the Yippies?

DEMMERLE: The Yippies? Well, I just was invited, like everything else. One of the guys I knew said "Hey George, you'll dig the Yippies". So I said "Great". So I went to one of their meetings, and then I attended more and more.

PRESS: What kind of information about their public and non-public activities were you giving the FBI?

DEMMERLE: Well, like seizing buildings. . . This was something they were working on way back then.

PRESS: The guys that you were working with — what did you think of them? Did you like them? Did you dislike them?

DEMMERLE: The people in the movement? Some of them were damn nice.

PRESS: Did it bother you that while you thought they were damn nice you were still going to have to inform on them?

DEMMERLE: Yeah, but — you do it.

PRESS: Why?

DEMMERLE: Because you know where they're heading. You know damn well that they're going to pick up a gun someday in the future, and shoot, because they're maneuvering themselves into that position.

PRESS: What kind of information did you give the FBI on the Black Panthers?

DEMMERLE: No comment.

PRESS: It appears that to begin with, you had no particular ideology. . . at one point you infiltrated the John Birch society — at least, you worked with them — and on the other end of the spectrum you were working with Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. What motivated you? Was it just the money?

DEMMERLE: Money? No. At \$50 a month, that's ridiculous. No. Look — You read history, you see current events, you read a lot of right wing literature and a lot of left wing literature — Both sides are very biased, and it's hard to get a concrete picture. The only way I could see and prove to myself what was happening was to go and find out.

PRESS: But why betray the people and give information to the police or the FBI if you only wanted to find out what was happening?

DEMMERLE: If you see that people are hell bent on destruction, you're sure not just going to sit back and let them do it, are you?

PRESS: Did you feel that the John Birch Society was hell bent on destruction?

DEMMERLE: Are you kiddin'? No! On the contrary. That's why I left them.

PRESS: We were talking about the Panthers before. Did you go to any private meeting with them, or were they all public?

DEMMERLE: Private.

PRESS: How'd you come to be appointed their delegate to the — was it White Panthers?

DEMMERLE: Defense Captain in charge of the Young Patriots in New York.

PRESS: What were your functions as Defense Captain?

...from prison

dear brother,

i am beginning to know the meaning of the revolution. it is the desire for ecstasy and i think only desperation can produce it. those who are willing to yield every last priveledge, who drive themselves to the limits of desparation will make the revolution. the problem with the "power of love" is that despite its once hip notions, its tied to traditional definitions of brotherhood and pantheism. i don't speak for that definition as it applied in the past though i very much suspect it. we must move to a place beyond all known issues. for us, now, it is a terrifying plunge. it may be easier if there is a humanity to come — but that's not our motive. what we want is salvation from a meaningless annihilation. to not be cremated for coka cola and plastic flags in waving simulation on the moon.

to want that today in amerika is to be very desperate. menken and miller could laugh at amerika 30 years ago. sardonicism sometimes passes being a bourgeois past-time. it is in "the field of criminology." can you imagine even lenny-bruce today?

it's not insignificant that the only issue the white left has come up with is a regeneration of occultism. it's the hallmark of our desperation that's why che and mao are our heroes. che was not fighting yanqui imperialism. he was desperate for meaning in a world of expediency. i don't mean to say that 3rd world issues can't provide clues for salvation. to the extent that they strive for a DEFINITE MORTALITY and the dignity of the human relationship to labor they ARE salvation. the venceremos brigade would have been far less popular if instead of cutting sugar the folks were

asked to program computers no matter what the product of those computers might be.

PRISON LIFE — LIGHT

the irony of the amerikan prison system is that it IS rehabilitating. of course for just the opposite reasons its promoters endorse. for the first time since i was a small boy i have no money and no keys in my pockets. you can't imagine the rehabilitating effect of that! from the muslims i am learning to fast and control my own body. from reading thoreau and some of the eastern teachings i can live on much less than even prison allows. i drive my body to extreme exercises till my temples pound. and i am tripping all the time. not with the frenzy of acid but with the confidence of my liberation from superficialities.

PRISON LIFE — DARK

prison is a microcosm of amerika circa 1950. as i have told you, the real punishment prison represents to me is this frustration of having to start all over again, to forget the moments of genuine communion i felt in the past couple of years. i have returned to old solitary thoughts. faulkner nad thoreau are my confidants. it's a matter of survival.

i have been informed i am placed in isolation after my escape try because i made statements to the effect that i would kill myself. i don't know if any statements got around but i assure all the only thing i know that's killing itself is the good old amerikan way of life. and many of us are preparing a great celebration of that event.

give my love to all and i'll write richard next week.

Sam melville



jane alpert - david hughey

cont. pg. 22

When white folks talk about the great groups, you hear about the Beatles, Stones, Dead, Who, and Hendrix. Only Hendrix is black.

In the black community, the Beatles and Stones don't rate that high. In the ghetto you hear a lot about the Temptations.

White music freaks should be checking the Tempts out. 'Cause they're really on to something new.

For years they've been Motown heavies, putting out those great three-minute slices of music that keep Motown on the Top 40 week after week.

soloists, each with his own timbre, tone, and emotional pitch. As those five voices weave in and out. . . . Well, they can put you through a few changes.

So the Temptations had this great harmony and the emotional range of five lead singers. And they had these tremendous roots from putting out some of the most soulful singles of all time. Then they added a couple of new elements — "protest" songs and acid rock. The result's probably the best blend of modern soul music and white rock.

"Puzzle People", released last year, shows the start of this synthesis. There's two of their rock-on-and-kick-out-the-jams singles. "I Can't Get Next To You" and "Don't Let the Joneses Get You Down" are great examples of how the Temps have stayed on top of the singles charts so long.

As voices cut in and out, it's hard to stay still. There are other movers too. The Easley Brothers' "It's Your Thing", "You Don't Love Me No More", and the Motown standard, "That's the Way Love Is". Then there's the super-sincere "Since I've Lost You" and even an interesting version of "Hey Jude".

But this album is different. Most Motown groups are oriented toward single records, three-minute songs. Singles sell for about a dollar to their main audience — poor blacks. Sure, Motown cuts albums but they're almost incidental. Their main audience can rarely afford an album. More often they can scrape up the dollar for the Temps' new single.

So, when you hear "Message From a Black Man" and "Slave", you know they're on to something new. "Message" has a recurring theme during its six minutes:

No matter how hard you try you can't stop me now.

And, it concludes, "I'm black and I'm proud."

"Slave" is even heavier. It's seven minutes of power-packed outcry against prison. "Somebody help me to escape!" It's a great finale for the album. An album that shows the many emerging sides of the Temptations.

In their latest album, "Psychedelic

Shack". they go a step further. "Hum Along and Dance" and "Take A Stroll Through Your Mind" are actually one big 12-minute song. . . . And what a song!

The bass singer sings like an electric bass. Then five perfectly matched voices cut the air like a knife. "There's no words to this song. Just dance and hum along." So you're at this party and people are asking you if you'll toke up. Then. . . .

One drag that's all it took. I'm hooked.

Take a stroll through your mind. You'll be surprised what you might find.

So, you're tripping along and suddenly the fuzz tone hooks in. . . .

Welcome to the circus

We're the sideshow. Dig?

People lookin' at us like we're freaks.

There is no young.

There is no old.

Reach out and touch your soul.

But the Temptations haven't done too much dope to forget where they come from. They run down the grind of a workingman's week until "Friday. . . here comes the good part".

Gone are the days when the Temptations would stick 12 singles together and make an album. These are the days the Temptations put a whole goddam novel into one song!

And that's not all. There's the tight dramatic anti-war statement of "War". With cadence-calling in the background: War means tears in a mother's eyes While her sons go off to fight and lose their lives.

War, what is it good for?

Absolutely nothing!

There's two movers, borrowed from Gladys Knight: "You Need Love Like I Do" and "Friendship Train." And "Psychedelic Shack" and "You Make Your Own Heaven and Hell Right Here on Earth". Only one disappointing cut, a corny "It's Summer".

The Temps have gotten into making albums — and "Psychedelic Shack" is one nellacious album. One of the best around.

GROUP GROPE

At first they leaned heavily on lead singer David Ruffin, with the others providing background. And what background! Probably no group ever had it down better than the Temptations.

About a year ago Ruffin split to do a solo act. He didn't fare too well. But it did wonders for the Tall Talented Tempting Temptations (as they're occasionally called on soul radio). They started growing. . . fast.

Instead of one person dominating, they started growing as a group. The communal spirit in action, as there were now five lead singers. Five different

We read in last week's *Tribe* that the Berkeley Tenants Union has gestated for nine months and brought forth "intensive door-to-door organizing, the formation of neighborhood and eviction defense groups, a four month old rent strike and some tenant victories." We look around

people dropped out!

The Monday night strikers' meetings were supposed to spell out BTU policy to be followed by staff and collectives. The meetings were usually big enough so that some parliamentary procedure was needed to give everyone's ideas a chance. (We

men, for to admit he is oppressed and individually powerless threatens the image of the white man. But there Jack's analysis stops short. The white male BTU leaders could not believe that people in struggle know or learn how to fight and what to fight for.

Jack calls the people "apolitical." The white male BTU leaders think politics is something to be defined on high and brought to the people. If the people don't dig it, they are apolitical.

We say politics is whatever the people are thinking about and struggling over. We say tactics is however they are able to do it. One real-life situation defines real politics.

our neighborhood and talk to our neighbors and find in reality that the BTU has cackled for nine months and laid an egg.

The question is why the BTU did not succeed. It is hard for the men to see what went wrong. It is easy for the women. We get a good view of the internal structure of an organization and of its relations with the "masses" or "client population" from our place at the bottom of the hierarchy.

End all hierarchies!

The self-ordained BTU elite cared little about the tenants, women least of all. We could wait an hour in the office without being helped. When a man turned from his paper-pushing patronizingly to "serve" us, wither he didn't ask our names or else he turned on the heavy seduction. Those of us who gave time in the office or on committees found our efforts distorted or ignored, our ideas denigrated or ignored, our feelings injured or ignored. Then leaders wondered why

think that is too big a meeting.) But chairmen refused to take a vote until a motion the leaders liked was on the floor. And if the strikers insisted on a policy that the leaders didn't like, such as weekly reports on the financial situation, the leaders simply failed to follow the policy. Then they wondered why people grew reluctant to pay dues!

Jack Nicholl concludes that the BTU did not succeed because the leaders' organizing technique wasn't quite right and the leaders didn't get together enough among themselves. Those reasons are part of the truth.

We think the BTU did not succeed because the leaders didn't listen to the people and let the people do it. You can't have a revolution if you don't let people take part!

Jack understands that women, like blacks and others who are genuinely oppressed and know it, have few pretensions to self-sufficiency and can get together and fight more easily than white

and

SHUT UP

If we are, as Jack says, "divorced from the acceptance of armed struggle," it is because we are in touch with the reality of struggling every day. The war games the little-boy BTU leaders played with stones, bottles, and our bodies against the pigs' guns and gas would be

funny if they were not real. Quasi-military tactics are obviously not going to work when you haven't got even a quasi-army.

We offered our ideas and our energies both as individuals and as a caucus. We were ignored. So like a lot of rent strikers and friends of the BTU, we voted with our feet.

Making something revolutionary happen is like the magic of a natural orgasm. We women are not waiting for anyone else to tell us how to come and make it. We are making it in guerrilla theater, in the food conspiracy, in interaction with our neighbors, sisters, lovers, friends. Groups of us will work out more effective ways of struggling. Right now the very fact that we women are fighting on our own behalf is revolutionary.

Now a lot of people are facing rent trials and possible heavy judgements. We tried to fight garnishments as well as evictions within the BTU. The leadership

called us bourgeois. Now we are scattered and our brothers and sisters need help.

Will the real people please stand up! Will the white male organizers please sit down and shut up!

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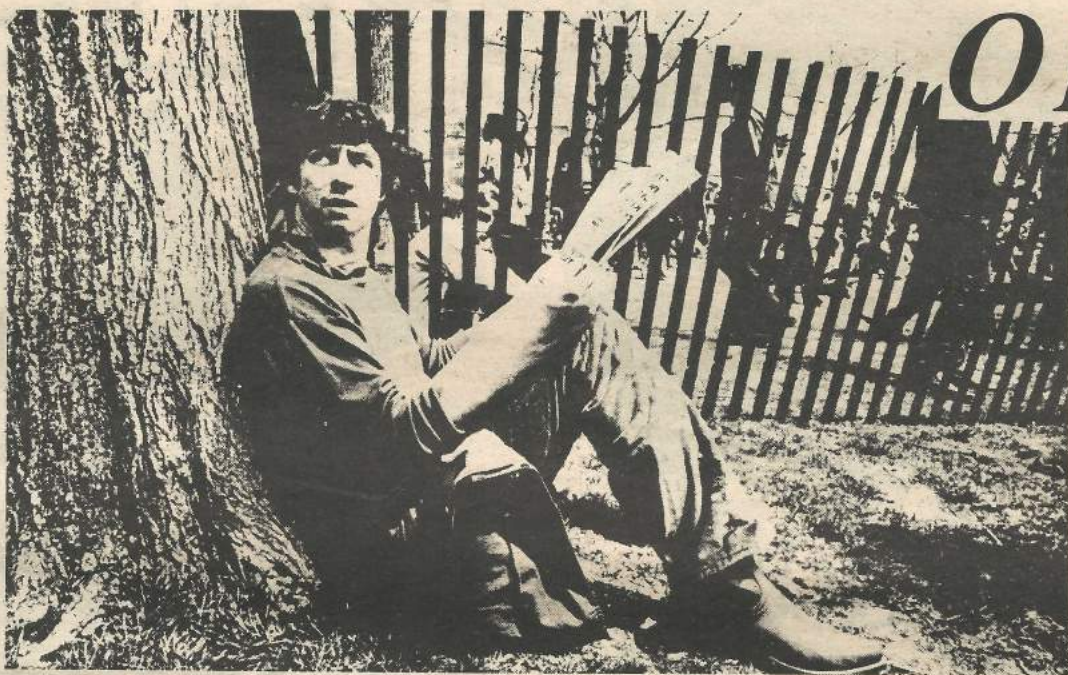
by Tom Hayden

The Stones are STARS—on tour if not elsewhere, automatically the center of attention and privilege. None insists on that status, but they accept its security with an equanimity both innocent and arrogant. . . . The Stones, and certainly Jagger, are the tour's essential promise, and therefore, if not always right, never wrong. —Michael Lydon
 "The Rolling Stones at Play in the Apocalypse"
 (Ramparts March 1970)

Too many people looked up to us, regarded us as a rock group, wanted posters and The Word. There were many good people who came to work on the trial with the hope that it would be a communal project with fantastic individual possibilities; but our personalities, and the structure of the trial itself, did not allow that. The truth is that although we served an important revolutionary purpose for six months, we discovered a lot that was wrong about ourselves. Even though our identity was on trial, even though our habits were truly radical compared to those of bourgeois society, that hardly meant that our identity and habits were revolutionary by our own standards. In different ways we all came to sense our own limitations.

Most of these limits stemmed from the fact that the seven of us are white middle-class males, accustomed to power and status in the Movement. The Youth International Party, all myth aside, is run by two persons, Jerry and Abbie. The National Mobilization, in its prime, existed as a coalition which revolved around Dave Dellinger. Rennie has functioned time and again as the brilliant director of an office-centered organizing project, and I have always been more of an independent catalyst than an equal member of any collective or group. Bill and Lenny too are accustomed to having a bevy of women and others working in a service capacity. We were not good about sharing power, rather than competing for it, among ourselves. We were even worse about sharing power with the hardworking staff that chose to labor in our shadow. The Conspiracy organization pigeonholed people into roles, like any other business. Bob Lamb handled press relations; Dottie Palombo handled our financial affairs; Linda Miner handled all negotiations for funds; Sue Burns took care of the transcript; Stuart Ball and Micki Leaner handled legal research and preparations; and so on.

All of them did the grimy work that kept the Conspiracy rolling. They even purchased our airplane tickets and had them ready for us as we streaked out of the courtroom to keep our speaking engagements. The Conspiracy as a whole never consulted with any of these people about fundamental trial strategy, and their growth as whole people was hardly allowed in the situation. We were particularly oppressive to women; most of us, though proclaiming to be part of the liberated culture, were involved in all-too-traditional relationships with our wives.



The women on the Conspiracy staff—below the wives in order of rank—were nearly suffocated as a result.

Even if we had been able and willing to improve these relationships, the structure of the trial made it difficult, perhaps impossible. None of us had ever been required to appear on time every morning for six months anywhere—much less at a trial where we were worked over for seven hours a day. The trial necessitated discipline—we had to produce our witnesses, our motions and our bodies—or else. This crowded out time for democratic decision-making or the non-exploitative relationships we are supposed to be building. In addition, our staff and friends had to deal with more than the usual intimidation in the presence of our powerful personalities. We were the center of the drama because our lives were at stake, they felt, which made it even more difficult to raise criticisms or questions about the direction the trial was taking.

For the few of us who worked on the defense, these pressures were incredible. It was an 18-hour day: worrying about the next stage of testimony, settling disputes with other defendants, calling and readying witnesses, worrying about their travel difficulties, getting our trial lawyers prepared to take them through their questioning, fighting with the mass media to obtain cameramen and films. The situation required arbitrary and often instantaneous decisions. When the other defendants asked me to "coordinate" this work I had no idea it would be the worst organizational ordeal of my life.

Working within that structure of trial discipline made me into a high-pressure machine. It seemed necessary to push

aside anyone who could not work efficiently and compatibly, and it was impossible to tolerate hang-ups, identity problems, or even demands for a full discussion of what we were doing. My personal relationships shriveled to nothing in Chicago. I compartmentalized my personal life, left it in Berkeley and went there whenever possible on exhausting overnight flights. I would drop a pill on Monday morning to turn on the production machine again. It always seemed necessary, for a revolution is not a Be-in; it requires periods of discipline and painful work.

Our male chauvinism, elitism and egoism were merely symptoms of the original problem—the Movement did not choose us to be their symbols; the press and government did. The entire process by which known leaders become known is almost fatally corrupting. Only males with driving egos have been able to "rise" in the Movement or the rock culture and be accepted by the media and dealt with seriously by the Establishment. (There are a few isolated women who as exceptions prove the rule: Bernadine Dohrn and Bernadette Devlin are seen as revolutionary sex objects, Janis Joplin and Grace Slick as musical ones, Joan Baez and Judy Collins as "beautiful and pure.")

The first step in this power syndrome is to become a "personality." You begin to monopolize contacts and contracts. You begin making \$1000 per speech. With few real friends and no real organization, you become dependent on the mass media and travel in orbit only with similar "stars."

The media interest in Yuppies illustrates this process frighteningly. Random House not only publishes

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CONSPIRACY

THE



Woodstock Nation but takes part in the put-on with a cover illustration in which their own Madison Avenue building is shown being blown up. Simon and Schuster is pleased to advertise Jerry's book, with his approval, as "a Molotov cocktail in your very hands," "the Communist Manifesto of our era" and "comparable to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*." Who is using whom? Publishing a book with revolutionary content is certainly possible under capitalism, but what does it mean when a corporation joins in an advertising put-on about the destruction of its own system? It could only mean that the corporate executives and advertisers sense something familiar and manageable in this revolution. In Jerry's book especially what must seem familiar is the marketing of a personality. The book consists mainly of interesting episodes from Jerry's life. Jerry becomes the Important Person as his history of the Movement unfolds; other people disappear. Women are unmentioned (although a photo of his wife Nancy's smiling face bobs across two full pages of Quentin Fiore's "medium-is-the-massage" layout). The content is in contradiction with its own Yippie philosophy. Leadership ideally is supposed to be shared, or even to be "non-leadership," but here it is embarrassingly self-centered, deliberately and consciously marketed.

There is much of value in this book, just as there is in the music of the Rolling Stones. But there is finally something unreal. For the Rolling Stones, "street fighting" is a lyric, not a reality which they support or participate in themselves. The irony will be if Jerry—or any of us, since we all are like him in one way or another—ends up like the Stones and other rock celebrities. In the Yippie world, toy guns are carried around for media effect and books are the only Molotov cocktails. But will they really "do it"? If not, then the theatre of personality finally will become

acceptable to the weird appetite of American culture. Impossible? At the trial's end, we were seriously planning to sell movie rights to big commercial producers, and Abbie (whose *Revolution for the Hell of It* was sold to MGM) was declaring "Let them have Washington, D.C.; we're going to take over Hollywood."

During and after the trial, we argued over the future of the Conspiracy. Differences emerged around whether we should become a permanent leadership group in the Movement. The Yippies wanted kind of an American Apple Corporation: Conspiracy books, posters, records, sweatshirts, etc. They and Rennie wanted the Conspiracy to be a kind of institutionalized High Command of the Revolution, leading national campaigns and building a local organizational structure. The Conspiracy had the popular base, the moral authority and the fund-raising capability, they argued, to become a major outpost of radical opposition just at a time when other organizations were folding or fragmenting. Not to do this was to cop out on a rare opportunity.

We were all in agreement on the priority of organizing around the Connecticut, New York, and Chicago trials of Bobby Seale and other Panthers, and campaigning against the Justice Department's repression of black revolutionaries. We were in agreement too on the necessity of continuing education about the issues of our trial during the appeal. And we would speak to raise money wherever local people were facing political trials without support.

In my view, to go further—toward becoming a High Command—would be forgetting our limits and perpetuating our worst tendencies. We are just the kind of individualists around whom a movement should not be consolidated. We are valuable perhaps as a resource to draw upon, but not as a leadership to unite behind. Our power interests and our

male chauvinism would be a drag on the growth of revolutionary energy.

In addition, we had no common politics. We were united against repression, but not united for anything in particular. Dave is hardly a native of Woodstock Nation, Rennie is hardly into revolution "for the hell of it" and, as Abbie himself testified, "we couldn't agree on lunch." The Conspiracy was only a compound of two outmoded organizations: the Mobilization and the Yippies. The program of periodic national mobilizations demanding a Vietnam policy change has certainly reached a point of uselessness, and the Mobe has shown no capacity since Chicago to create continuous local resistance or more militant tactics. Since the Chicago Convention it has become more and more a bureaucracy, older and more moderate than its base of young anti-war militants. The Yippies are also victims of legitimacy; their "cultural revolution" has become respectable since Woodstock. The politics of dope, sex and spontaneous expression, while still persecuted, is also more and more able to find protection behind liberal opinion. The edge of the cultural revolution that has not been co-opted is moving beyond Yippie theatre into the concrete areas of local organizing, self-defense, and drastic changes in the relationships between men and women. Mobe and Yippie can be seen as forms suitable for creating issues in the '60s which must be solved in the '70s by a movement that combines cultural revolution and internationalism, goes from symbolic protest to deeper levels of struggle, and replaces media leaders with collective leadership forms.

We are, after all, products of the '60s. The styles and forms of that time were perhaps as necessary as they were problematic. In a white movement that arose from the nothingness of the '50s, it was no accident that leadership went to articulate, aggressive males, and no doubt this pattern will continue for some time. But forms die, or at least change, and the test of a revolutionary may be how well he or she adapts to new possibilities. Among these possibilities are the growth of a radical feminism which is justifiably enraged at male political power; and new, younger radicals (both men and women) like the Weathermen and White Panthers whose political attitudes stem from a much deeper alienation than what we experienced in the early '60s. From women comes the insight that our power is "male" in origin, a power that involves conquering and subduing others, as opposed to a power that is collective and respectful of people. From the younger revolutionaries in general comes the insight that our pressure politics, our peace mobilizations and our theatrics, legitimate in raising issues in the '60s, are inadequate to the task of surviving and making revolutionary changes in the '70s.

To continue as revolutionaries we will have to abandon the old forms and become part of the new possibilities. One of the most revolutionary decisions possible is for leadership to refuse to consolidate its own power and to choose instead to follow new vanguards. Only by making such a decision will we be relevant to the future.

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The urban guerrilla's reason for existence, the basic condition in which he acts and survives, is to shoot. The urban guerrilla must know how to shoot well because it is required by his type of combat.

In conventional warfare, combat is generally at a distance with long range arms. In unconventional warfare, in which urban guerrilla warfare is included, the combat is at close range, often very close. To prevent his own extinction, the urban guerrilla has to shoot first and he cannot err in his shot. He cannot waste his ammunition because he doesn't have large amounts, so he must save it. Nor can he replace his ammunition quickly, since he is part of a small group in which each guerrilla has to take care of himself. The urban guerrilla can lose no time and must be able to shoot at once.

One fundamental fact, which we want to emphasize fully and whose particular importance cannot be overestimated, is that the urban guerrilla must not fire continuously, using up his ammunition. It may be that the enemy is not responding to the fire precisely because he is waiting until the guerrilla's ammunition is used up. At such a moment, without having time to replace his ammunition, the urban guerrilla faces a rain of enemy fire and can be taken prisoner or be killed.

In spite of the value of the surprise factor which many times makes it unnecessary for the urban guerrilla to use his arms, he cannot be allowed the luxury of entering combat without knowing how to shoot. And face to face with the enemy, he must always be moving from one position to another, because to stay in one position makes him a fixed target and, as such, very vulnerable.

The urban guerrilla's life depends upon shooting, on his ability to handle his arms well and to avoid being hit. When we speak of shooting, we speak of marksmanship as well. Shooting must be learned until it becomes a reflex action on the part of the urban guerrilla.

To learn how to shoot and to have good aim, the urban guerrilla must train himself systematically, utilizing every apprenticeship method, shooting at targets, even in amusement parks and at home.

Shooting and marksmanship are the urban guerrilla's water and air. His perfection of the art of shooting makes him a special type of urban guerrilla—that is, a sniper, a category of solitary combatant indispensable in isolated actions. The sniper knows how to shoot, at close range and at long range, and his arms are appropriate for either type of shooting.

The Firing Group

In order to function, the urban guerrilla must be organized in small groups. A group of no more than four or five is called *teh firing group*.

A minimum of two firing groups, separated and sealed off from the other firing groups, directed and coordinated by one or two people, this is what makes a *firing team*.

Within the firing group there must be complete confidence among the comrades. The best shot and the one who knows best how to manage the machine gun is the person in charge of operations. The firing group plans and executes urban guerrilla actions, obtains and guards arms, studies and corrects its own tactics.

When there are tasks planned by the strategic command, these tasks take preference. But there is no such thing as a firing group without its initiative. For this reason it is essential to avoid any rigidity in the organization in order to permit the greatest possible initiative on the part of the firing group. The old-type hierarchy, the style of the traditional left doesn't exist in our organization.

This means that, except for the priority of objectives set by the strategic command, any firing group can decide to assault a bank, to kidnap or to execute an agent of the dictatorship, a figure identified with the reaction, or a North American spy, and can carry out any kind of propaganda or war of nerves against the enemy without the need to consult the general command.

No firing group can remain inactive waiting for orders from above. Its obligation is to act. Any single urban guerrilla who wants to establish a firing group and begin action can do so and thus become a part of the organization.

This method of action eliminates the need for knowing who is carrying out which actions, since there is free initiative and the only important point is to increase substantially the volume of urban guerrilla activity in order to wear out the government and force it onto the defensive.

The firing group is the instrument of organized action. Within it, guerrilla operations and tactics are planned, launched, and carried through to success.

The general command counts on the firing groups to carry out objectives of a strategic nature, and to do so in any part of the country. For its part, it helps the firing groups with their difficulties and their needs.

The organization is an indestructible network of firing groups, and of coordinations among them, that functions simply and practically with a general command that also participates in the attacks; an organization which exists for no purpose other than pure and simple revolutionary action.



The Urban Guerrilla's Arms

The urban guerrilla's arms are light arms, easily exchanged, usually captured from the enemy, purchased, or made on the spot.

Light arms have the advantage of fast handling and easy transport. In general, light arms are characterized as short barreled. This includes many automatic arms.

Automatic and semiautomatic arms considerably increase the fighting power of the urban guerrilla. The disadvantage of this type of arm for us is the difficulty in controlling it, resulting in wasted rounds or in a prodigious use of ammunition, compensated for only by optimal aim and firing precision. Men who are poorly trained convert automatic weapons into an ammunition drain.

Experience has shown that the basic arm of the urban guerrilla is the light machine gun. This arm, in addition to being efficient and easy to shoot in an urban area, has the advantage of being greatly respected by the enemy. The guerrilla must know thoroughly how to handle the machine gun, now so popular and indispensable to the Brazilian urban guerrilla.

The ideal machine gun for the urban guerrilla is the .45 calibre. Other types of machine guns of different calibres can be used—understanding, of course, the problem of ammunition. Thus it is preferable that the industrial potential of the urban guerrilla permit the production of a single machine gun so that the ammunition used can be standardized.

Each firing group of urban guerrillas must have a machine gun managed by a good marksman. The other components of the group must be armed with .38 revolvers, our standard arm. The .32 is also useful for those who want to participate. But the .38 is preferable since its impact usually puts the enemy out of action.

Hand grenades and conventional smoke bombs can be considered light arms, with defensive power for cover and withdrawal.

Long barrel arms are more difficult for the urban guerrilla to transport and attract much attention because of their size. Among the long barrel arms are the FAL, the Mauser guns or rifles, hunting guns such as the Winchester, and others.

Shotguns can be useful if used at close range and point blank. They are useful even for a poor shot, especially at night when the precision isn't much help. A pressure airgun can be useful for training in marksmanship. Bazookas and mortars can also be used in action but the conditions for using them have to be prepared and the people who use them must be trained.

MARIGHIELLA

The urban guerrilla should not try to base his actions on the use of heavy arms, which have major drawbacks in a type of fighting that demands lightweight weapons to insure mobility and speed.

Homemade weapons are often as efficient as the best arms produced in conventional factories, and even a cut-off shotgun is a good arm for the urban guerrilla.

The urban guerrilla's role as gunsmith has a fundamental importance. As gunsmith he takes care of the arms, knows how to repair them, and in many cases can set up a small shop for improvising and producing efficient small arms.

Work in metallurgy and on the mechanical lathe are basic skills the urban guerrilla should incorporate into his industrial planning, which is the construction of homemade weapons.

This construction and courses in explosives and sabotage must be organized. The primary materials for practice in these courses must be obtained ahead of time to prevent an incomplete apprenticeship—that is to say, so as to leave no room for experimentation.

Molotov cocktails, gasoline, homemade contrivances such as catapults and mortars for firing explosives, grenades made of tubes and cans, smoke bombs, mines, conventional explosives such as dynamite and potassium chloride, plastic explosives, gelatine capsules, ammunition of every kind are indispensable to the success of the urban guerrilla's mission.

The method of obtaining the necessary materials and munitions will be to buy them or take them by force in expropriation actions especially planned and carried out. The urban guerrilla will be careful not to keep explosives and materials that can cause accidents around for very long, but will try always to use them immediately on their destined targets.

The urban guerrilla's arms and his ability to maintain them constitute his fire power. By his taking advantage of modern arms and introducing innovations in his fire power and in the use of certain arms, the urban guerrilla can change many of the facts of city warfare. An example of this was the innovation made by the urban guerrillas in Brazil when they introduced the machine gun in their attacks on banks.

When the massive use of uniform machine guns becomes possible, there will be new changes in urban guerrilla warfare tactics. The firing group that utilizes uniform weapons and corresponding ammunition, with reasonable support for their maintenance, will reach a considerable level of efficiency. The urban guerrilla increases his efficiency as he improves his firing potential.

MINI

MANUAL

REVOLUTION IN OUR LIFETIME

TUPS SEIZE THE PIECE

Fifty Tupamaro urban guerrillas seized a naval training center in Monevideo, Uruguay, and ripped off a truckload of arms and ammunition. The guerrillas arrived at the naval base before dawn, and a few of them dressed in naval uniforms were able to approach and disarm the guards without firing a shot. Then they loaded 700 weapons, including 300 modern rifles and large amounts of ammunition, into a navy truck which they later abandoned in the suburbs.

GUERRILLA BANDITS

Urban guerrillas in Rio and Buenos Aires ripped off more bread from the state and transferred it to the people last week. In RIO 10 men armed with automatic weapons held up a branch of the Brazilian National Bank and escaped with more than \$33,000. And in BUENOS AIRES 8 urban guerrillas, all armed with submachine guns, ripped off an armored truck of the state owned telephone network for over \$143,000. (Also see Tupamaros)

SICK AS SHIT

The following appeared in the Chronicle, June 2: "A group of 7 engineering students at Carnegie-Mellon Univ. in Pittsburgh thinks it has found a better weapon for police and National Guardsmen than rifles. The group is trying to interest some 92 defense contractors and weapons manufacturers in a pistol that shoots a drug-carrying dart". One of the 7 on the project said that "a drug which induces nausea is among the most promising". The headline for the article was "Darts to Stun Rioters or Make Them Sick".

EVA LIVES

Another kidnapping in Latin America — this time in Argentina! The Juan Jose Valle Command, Gaucho Guerrillas appeared at ex-President Pedro Eugenio Aramburu's apartment in Buenos Aires in army uniforms saying they had orders to take him down to headquarters. No one has seen or heard from him or the guerrillas since, except through several communiques the guerrillas left at bars. The first said Aramburu was a traitor and would be submitted to revolutionary justice, and the second said he had been found guilty and would be offed, and his release was not negotiable.

Aramburu led the military coup in 1955 in which Juan Peron was overthrown. A year later, Aramburu offed 27 Peronista leaders, including General Juan Jose Valle, who were trying to restore Peron.

HAYAKAWA SUCKS OFF ROTC

Firebombs ripped through the ROTC offices at USF May 31. It was the fifth attack firebombing that has found its mark on the USF campus in 3 weeks. The latest blast blew out windows and caused extensive damage inside.

HARD HATS

The site of the World Trade Center in NYC was hit by a dynamite bomb, damaging the construction company office trailer and knocking out windows in nearby buildings. There were no injuries.

SAIGON STUDENTS

Students in Saigon battled riot pigs May 28 protesting the military-facist-puppet regime of punk Thieu. They hurled molotov cocktails, bottles, and rocks at advancing phalanxes of riot pigs. No word on arrests and injuries.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK "The nation's young revolutionaries feel they are modern-day barbarians attacking the diseased Rome of the 70's." Maj. Gen. Glenn C. Ames (California National Guard Commander) addressing 1,500 pigs from across the state.

PACOIMA & POMONA POWER

In Pacoima, five pigs were attacked by 150 kids in Hansen Dam Park when they began fuck'n around with some of the people.

In Pomona, a 36-square block area was under heavy pig patrol after about 400 Mexican-Americans battled them for two hours with rocks and bottles near the city park and the pig station. It all started when the pigs busted an epileptic and charged him with suspicion of drunkenness.

STUDENTS AND WORKERS KICK ASS

About 6000 students and workers trashed the city of Cordoba, Argentina and went on strike last week, smashing windows and burning cars. It was the first anniversary of the riots last year where railroad workers and students kicked ass in Cordoba and Rosario, resulting in 16 people, mostly students, murdered by the pigs.

LA LUTTE CONTINUE

French students, utilizing urban guerrilla tactics, fought riot pigs in the Latin Quarter last week for 3 straight days in the heaviest shit to come down since May '68. Over 717 fighters were arrested in the actions. They were protesting the imprisonment of 2 of their leaders, busted for inciting people to riot and urging persons to bring down the government. A police bus was attacked and 81 pigs were injured at last count. The 2 leaders wrote for a magazine called "The People's Cause".

MARICHELLA'S COMRADES

Brazilian guerrillas killed seven government soldiers and captured an officer in an attack believed to be led by ex-Captain Carlos Lamarca.

MONTREAL'S MONIED HIT

Five dynamite bombs rocked the wealthy, English-speaking Montreal suburb of Westmount. The targets included two mansions, one belonging to Peter Bronfman, a member of the family which controls the Seagram's booze company.



FASCISM

The New Jersey Supreme Court overruled a lower court, and to make a long story short it said it was OK for pig departments to maintain dossiers and photograph demonstrators, even while engaged in peaceful protest.

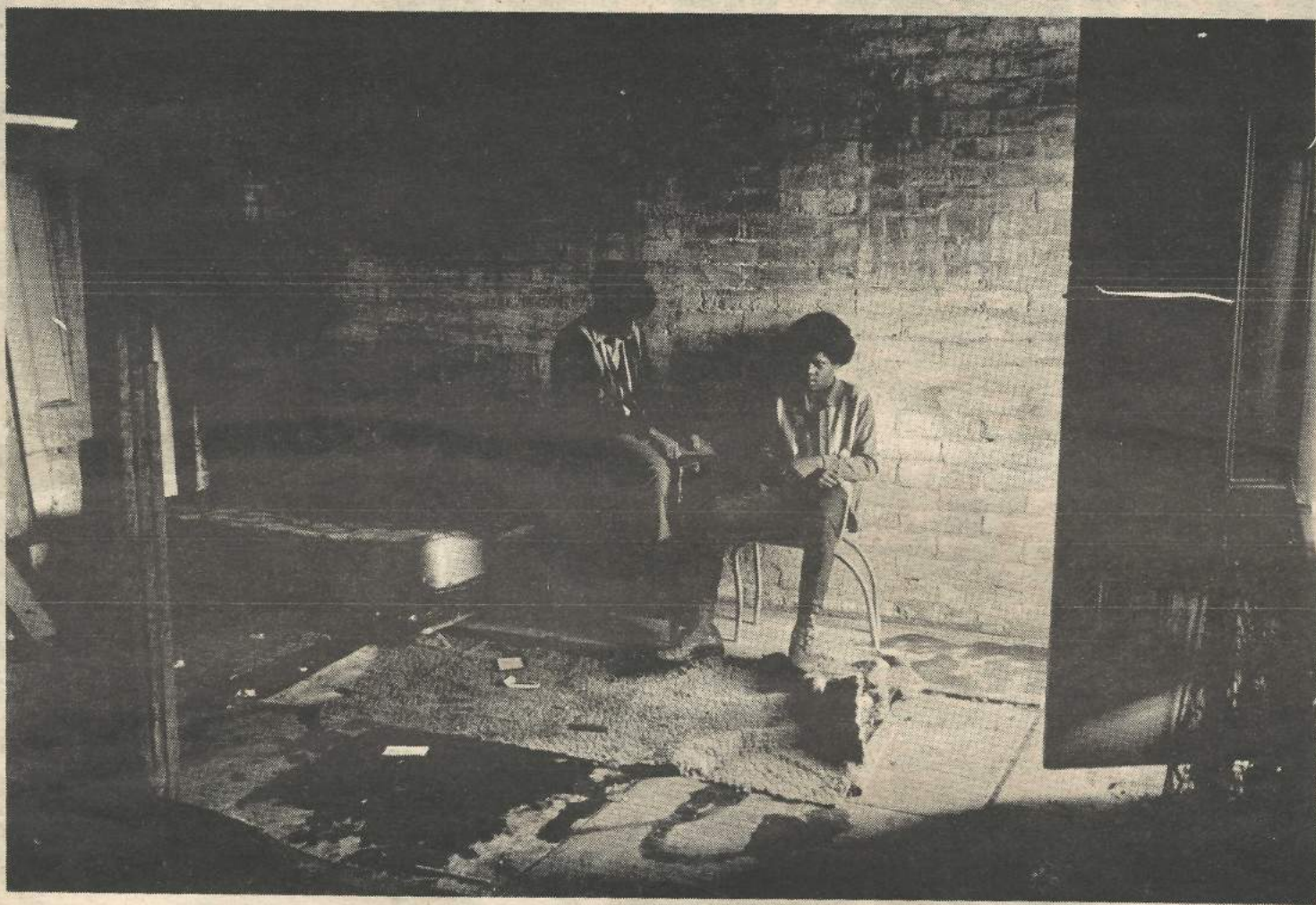
COLOMBO, CEYLON EXPLODES

Red capped leftist youths killed a riot pig in Colombo, Ceylon last week as they celebrated the victory and return to power of Socialist-Communist Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike. Her campaign slogan was "Free Rice For All".

Calle Sagarnaga, La Paz — just five minutes from a new Bank of America branch.

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SHAPES - PHOTON WEST

The following is an excerpt from the just published book *SEIZE THE TIME* by BOBBY SEALE, edited by Art Goldberg. Copyright Random House 1970.

Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, the baddest motherfucker ever to set foot in history. Huey P. Newton, the brother, black man, a nigger, the descendant of slaves, who stood up in the heart of the ghetto, at night, in alleys, confronted by racist pigs with guns and said: "My name is Huey P. Newton, I'm the Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party. I'm standing on my constitutional rights. I'm not going to allow you to brutalize me. I'm going to stop you from brutalizing my people. You got your gun, pig, I got mine. If you shoot at me, I'm shooting back."

We got in the cars and we drove back to the RAMPARTS office on Broadway, in the middle of downtown San Francisco. We got to RAMPARTS and went inside. Douglas Allen was sitting there looking like he was sick and scared and didn't know where the fuck to go. I can't blame him for being scared. There were just too many damn people with guns there and I don't know where Kenny Freeman had disappeared to, and Isaac Moore was hanging around somewhere. I stationed two brothers outside. Little Joe outside on the right of the steps and this other brother on the left of the steps. He had a .45 and Little Joe had an M-1. We then went inside. There were some interviews scheduled so Huey was with sister Betty all the way inside the RAMPARTS office down the hall, where she was talking to Eldridge Cleaver, whose writings on Malcolm X she had admired. I made periodical runs between Huey, where he was with sister Betty and Eldridge Cleaver, all the way back to the front door. I came to the front door one time and a couple of pigs had driven up. I stood right on the top landing of the front steps and a pig walked up to Little Joe, and said, "Who are you?"

Little Joe said, "I got nothing to say to you, and if you have anything to ask me I'm taking the Fifth Amendment." Just like that.

The pig said, "Well, all right," and when he got up beside me I was looking dead at him, looking firm right in his eyes. He kind of took a couple of steps up from the bottom steps and he said, "Who's the leader?"

I said, "I'm one of them, why?"

"Well I'd like to talk to you."

I said, "Goddamit, I don't want to talk to you, so you can go on away from here." And he said, "Oh," turned around, and walked away. Then more pigs drove up. They were plainclothesmen. They looked at Little Joe. He looked like he was too young to be carrying a weapon, but they didn't say anything else to him. Three or four more pigs drove up, so I called for a couple more brothers to come outside, and then walked halfway down the hall. Betty Shabazz was about to come out. I walked all the way to the front and there were four or five pigs outside.

A few minutes earlier, a lieutenant pig, had asked Warren

Hinkle, the editor of RAMPARTS, what the trouble was. When he said, "What's the trouble?" he pointed over our way. We were standing in front of the inside door to the office.

"There's no trouble here," Hinkle told the pig lieutenant. "Every thing is under control." That seemed to make the pigs mad. They couldn't do a thing to us, because the person whose place we were in had no objection to our having guns there. We weren't doing anything illegal.

I remember sister Betty saying that she didn't want any cameras, and Huey said, "If you don't want any cameras on you that's all right." But, of course, by this time a TV cameraman had shown up, ABC Channel 7, and Chuck Banks, the news reporter. We came outside. As I was coming outside they were bringing sister Betty out and I was kind of in front there. I grabbed a magazine from a stack of magazines in the hall, to use to block the cameras. Huey grabbed a magazine too, and we came outside. I was holding this magazine up in front of the cameras and then all of a sudden Kenny Freeman popped up somewhere. We had sister Betty Shabazz surrounded but then Douglas Allen popped up from somewhere, and somehow he's walking with her.

Even before we came out the cameramen tried smashing in. They tried breaking in and that's when Warren Tucker pushed them down the stairs. Then they tried taking a picture of one of the Panthers who pushed them away with a gun. They had already been trying to provoke something, to get an incident going. Then as we came out, I walked out first and I was holding a magazine in front of the camera, about a foot away from it, and Huey came on out with sister Betty and Douglas Allen and Kenny Freeman from the Paper Panthers. While she was coming down the stairs around front, the TV dude snatched at the book I was holding, and I snatched it back. Then Huey put his magazine in front of the camera and Chuck Banks grabbed hold of Huey's magazine and pushed the book down into Huey's stomach. He didn't get his blow in good enough, but he did strike Huey. When he struck Huey in the stomach like that, Huey wasn't phased a bit. He let the magazine go and fired on Chuck Banks's head and knocked him back against the wall and against the man who was holding the Channel 7 camera. Then I looked around and saw all these pigs. I saw one of them unstrap this little strap that holds down the firing hammer on his .38 pistol. I said, "Huey, cool it, man. Let's split, man." I grabbed at Huey's jacket

on his right arm.

"Don't hold my hand, brother," he said, so I let go of his arm right away, because I know that's his shooting hand, his right hand.

Then I said, "Come on, brother, let's split."

But Huey said, "All right, all you pigs, all you cops. That man assaulted me. Now why in the hell don't you arrest him? Arrest that man."

"Come on, brother, let's split," I said. Then a couple

more of those cops flipped the little straps off the hook of their pistol hammers and another brother came down and said, "Come on, Huey. Let's back on up here and get outa here, man." One of the brothers had his back turned on the pigs and I guess Huey saw the cops pulling the straps off of the hammers all of a sudden, so Huey says, "Turn around! Don't turn your back on these backshooting motherfuckers!" Just like that. We all turned around. I turned around, Little Joe turned around, Little Bobby turned around, and Huey goes, "Spreed!" and jacks a shell



PERI/ANTON WEST

into the chamber of his gun. Betty Shabazz was moving and gone by then. Kenny Freeman and Douglas Allen had hustled her off across the street.

A big beefy cop moved forward. He had unhooked the rap off of the hammer of his pistol, and started shouting Huey. "Don't point that gun at me! Stop pointing that gun at me!" He kept making gestures as though he was going to go for his gun. Huey stopped in his tracks. He was just starting at the cop. Then he walked right up to within a few feet of this fat pig and said, "What's the matter, you got an itchy finger?" The cop didn't say a thing. He just stood there.

"You want to draw your gun?" Huey asked him. The other pigs were calling for this one cop to cool it, but he didn't seem to hear them. He was looking right at Huey, staring straight into Huey's eyes.

"OK, you big fat racist pig, draw your gun!" Huey said to him. The cop didn't move. "Draw it, you cowardly pig!" and with that, Huey jacked a round off into the chamber of his shotgun. "I'm waiting," Huey said, and, then, he just stood there waiting for this pig to make a move toward his gun. All of the other cops moved back out of the line of fire. The five of us were spread out behind Huey.

Finally the fat pig just gave up. He let out a great big sigh and just hung his head. Huey almost laughed in his face, and we started backing up slowly. Huey backed up. He went near the wall and I went to the outer edge of the sidewalk, near the car. The sidewalk is at least eight or ten feet wide. Little Joe and Little Bobby were in the center and another brother got on the outside of the car in line with us and took about six or seven steps. At this point, Roy Ballard came running up the street, yelling, "Hey, don't shoot that gun. The cops are going to kill us. They're going to kill us. Please don't shoot that gun." Then the cops started talking about, "Don't you go for your guns. Don't you go for your guns."

So Huey said, "Don't you go for YOUR guns."

I remember repeating behind Huey, I said, "That's right, don't you go for your guns. Don't you touch your guns." I had flipped the little strap that went over the hammer of my .38. So we were standing there, backing up, stepping off from the pigs, and the pigs were all bunched up.

It was a very tense scene. This was one of the first major confrontations and we were almost into a righteous shoot-out. You can think about a lot of shoot-outs. You can think about situations you might be in where there's going to be gunfire and gunfighting with pigs you know are racist. But I knew how Huey felt. If just one of them had gone for his gun, he would blast him, because Huey had his gun at a 45 degree angle to the ground and he was ready. He had the barrel of the gun in his left hand. His finger was

newton's law

on the trigger, he had knocked the safety off, and had jacked a round off into the chamber. It kind of shook the cops when Huey jacked that round off in that chamber.

We were just backing up then. I wasn't scared or anything like that. You don't even think about it in a situation like that because the situation is so tense. We were stepping off and the cops took three or four steps forward. Then they stopped and realized that we had them. The cops stopped. I said, "Come on, brothers. Let's move across the street." We got about halfway up the street, about fifty feet away from them when they started bottling around to our right. We backed across the street and stopped the traffic coming off and on to the ramp to the Bay Bridge. Traffic was jammed up. I know people in the cars were sitting there wondering what in the hell was going on. "Who in the hell are these niggers with these guns, and the cops all on the street. My God! My God!" I could just imagine one of them, sitting there in the traffic that couldn't move.

We went across the street and got into our cars. Betty Shabazz was gone, so we split and went back down to the Paper Panther office. We got back there, and Huey and the brothers were good. They were all talking about how we had spit on the pigs and how the pigs were all bunched up. Huey was talking about how so many of them were bunched up and how he had his shotgun on their butts and if one of them had gone for their guns. We told how we split and how we stood those pigs off. Some thirty-odd pigs, all bunched up on the sidewalk. How they had taken two or three steps and how Huey told them, "You'd better not go for your gun either." I know Leo and the rest of the dudes standing around there weren't too enthusiastic about the whole thing at all and I thought that they should have been. I thought they should have been excited about how we'd covered Betty Shabazz, how the pigs went crazy, and stuff like that.

We went to the conference in Hunter's Point that night and decided not to speak. We got fed up with the whole thing, man. They were just trying to make guards out of us, for some artwork shit sitting around there. They were trying to give us orders. What kind of shit was that?

"You guys have to be over there this evening, man, at six! There's a lot of art and stuff there that people might steal. You guys get over there and, ah, guard that stuff."

Huey says, "Look, we're the security for Betty Shabazz and we're with Betty Shabazz." So we cut out, went down,

and talked to the brothers on the block who were shooting dice. Huey and I wouldn't think about that damn shit artwork in there. That's what's wrong with them. They want to put guys up to protecting the cultural nationalistic artwork when they should be organizing the brothers on the block. Me and Huey went down there with some guns, and talked with those brothers out there on Hunter's Point,



PHOTO: SHAMES / PHOTON WEST

talked to them about joining the Party. We told them we were going to be out there and how the brothers have got to get together and start arming themselves. We broke up a whole dice game. About twenty dudes. Some dudes were high, and wanted to be murder-mouthing—"Yeah, I'm going to get a gun." But some of those brothers were serious. They wanted to get on with it. There had been riots in Hunter's Point and the pigs had done in a lot of the brothers. They had already shot up brothers out on the Point, brothers and sisters had been murdered and brutalized, there was bad housing, unemployment, rats and roaches and hunger. Hunter's Point was a typical black ghetto.

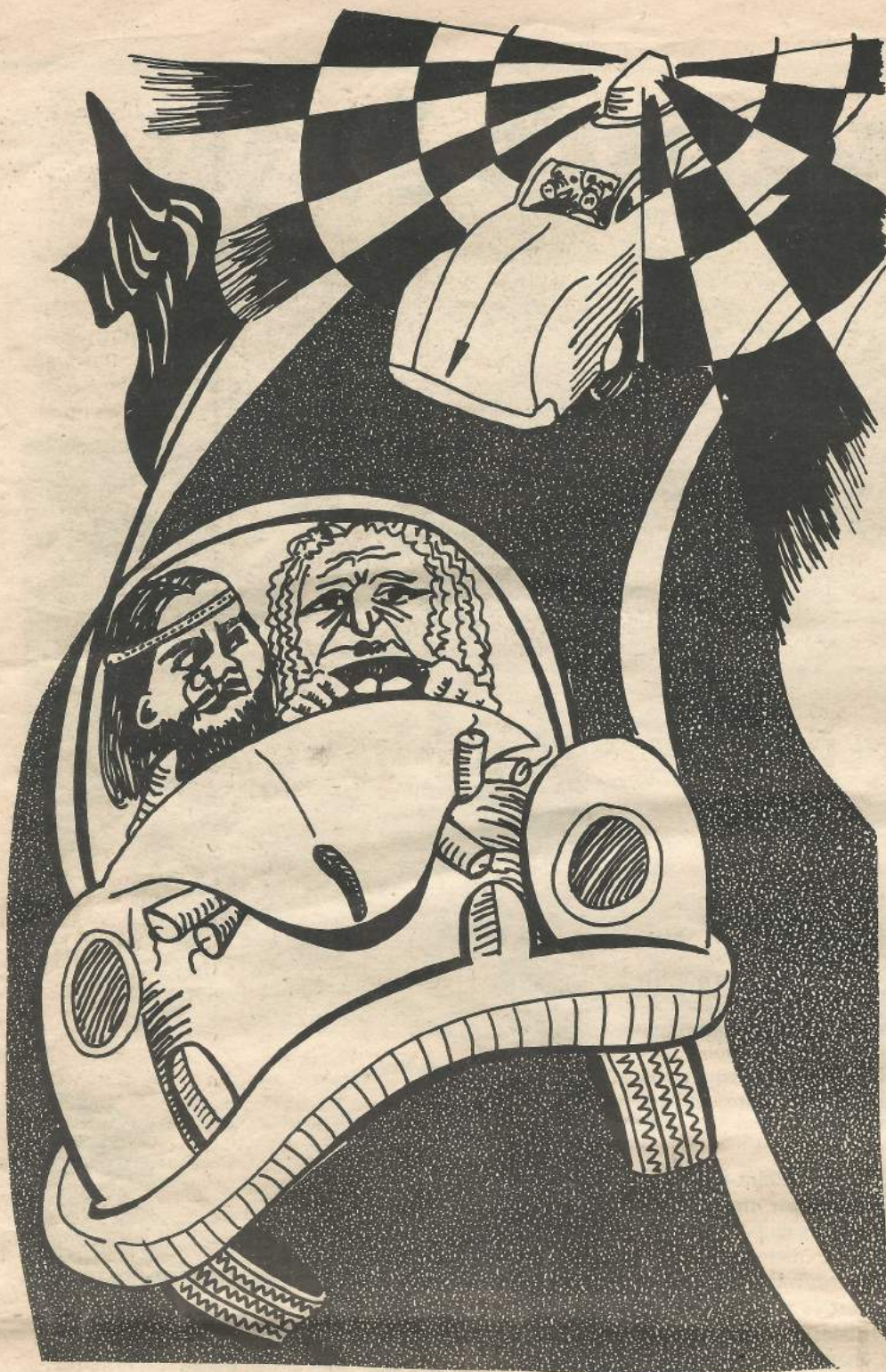
We went inside the auditorium where the conference was being held and talked to a bunch of brothers in there who were concerned about why we had the guns. Huey ran down the revolutionary program, about why we had to defend ourselves, how it was legal then under the laws of California to carry guns and how the right to bear arms is guaranteed to all citizens under the Second Amendment of the Constitution of the U.S. He also ran it down how the Black Panther Party was fixing to serve the black community with positive programs like Breakfast for Children, free health clinics, and Liberation Schools.

That's what they should have been talking about inside that conference, called to commemorate the death of Malcolm X, but the thing had been put together by these cultural nationalists who were trying to project themselves as the leaders of the black community while trying to use the Black Panther Party. Actually, they should have called the conference to celebrate Malcolm's birthday, rather than to commemorate the day he was assassinated.

Those cats didn't know the gun laws. They didn't know that trying to lead people was a dangerous thing. They only came out to the airport with us because Huey had demanded it of them. After that little set in front of RAMPARTS, we found out that their guns were not loaded.

"Not loaded?" Huey said. You've never seen cats mad like us. The brothers in the Party wanted to go over and beat their asses for having unloaded guns. They said, "Here our lives are on the line for our people and the bastards are trying to manipulate us. If a pig had started shooting, they would have run." I said to Huey, "I'm out with all these jive intellectual cultural nationalists."

That became a real thing in distinguishing the brothers off the block and those who only talk, those who have their intellectual possessions in pawn to the man, the power structure of this racist, capitalist system. That's when David Hilliard said "They're Paper Panthers." Jive punk Paper Panthers.



oakland

Last week, two very wanted brothers were finally grabbed by the Oakland Police, after a high speed chase. The brothers were in a car exceeding the speed limit—a tactical error, considering their activities less than an hour before, and items which they were carrying in the car.

It seems that a radar patrol car picked up on the speeding car, and attempted to pull them over. Instead of realizing that it was only a radar car, they probably thought that they were being chased, so they shot off at high speed down MacArthur Blvd. Had they stopped they might only have gotten a speeding ticket, but that is a possibility that we can only wish had happened.

After they were stopped, the police found a .45, a rifle, ammunition, and a quantity of chemicals used in making nitroglycerine. Less than an hour before, a chemical supply house in Berkeley had been robbed of such chemicals. The clerk was held at gunpoint, tied hand and foot, and his mouth was taped shut. After the robbery, the police had been called by the two men, to tell them of the tied-up clerk.

Robert Stover and Michael Lamm were both held. Stover has been wanted on a number of charges stemming from the Feb. 2 beating of pig landlord Ned Reed, and a fire which was set in his

apartment building. The pigs have also been after Stover for a number of other things, including his AWOL from Ft. Lewis, Wash.

After busting Stover and Lamm, the police went to the men's apartment where they supposedly found explosives, guns, literature, and, most dangerous, names and addresses which they found on old letters.

The result of the name-finding was the bust of Lee and Patty Wood, living in New York under the names of Stephen and Bonnie Heyde. The pigs have been on Lee's case for a long time, and he is also wanted in conjunction with the Ned Reed beating in Oakland. The Berkeley pigs want Patty on a supposed bad-check charge. The very sad result of Stover and Lamm's carelessness in leaving names and incriminating evidence around their apartment is that now not only they, but a number of other people will have to face bad raps.

Stover has been known in Berkeley for years, sometimes by other names. He has been involved with various groups, lately claiming that he was a member of the Weatherbureau.

Although he has been looked for everywhere by the pigs since February, he was living in Oakland. He made some very stupid mistakes, including staying in Oakland, leaving names and addresses around, and generally leaving a trail.

"INSANE HUMOR" A DIMENSION OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SATIRE NOT EQUALED HERE SINCE THE ESTABLISHMENT PLAYED THE HUNGRY 1 NEARLY FIVE YEARS AGO ●●
—John Wasserman, CHRONICLE

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bust

But... he was free for five months, and if his security had been more together, probably would have remained so.

One thing that this whole incident shows is that the police are pretty stupid. In addition to not being able to find where STover was, they even believed that he was a Weatherman, betraying their ignorance of that organization. Assistant Attorney General Collins, the "bomb expert," must be pissing in his pants with glee, now that he's finally caught up with these brothers and sisters. But he sure can't thank himself or any of his large investigation force for the work they did, for it was all worthless.

The only way to survive is to take common-sense security measures against these insidious pigs. Being careless while dealing as a revolutionary puts many other people in jeopardy.

The pig power structure thinks this is a victory for them. But they can stick it up their ass, because it ain't no victory. There will be plenty of revenge all over this country.



sisterly criticism

Certain sects of the Women's Lib movement made a leap forward Tuesday at their rally in Lower Sproul.

Fortunately, the sexist ("TAKE IT OFF!") pig heckler they leapt at was the usual male chauvinist, or the liberated women who jumped on him would have been trashed to the cobblestones. (Back to Karate class, girls!)

The main attraction of the afternoon was the burning. The CHRON (Dear Abby), REDBOOK, McCALLS, a diploma (U of Chicago; last year's), a phone book (our sister operators at PT&T are going blind reading the small print), a bra (38-C), nylons (slightly run), birth control pills (fucking is exploitive).

Last but not least, a month-old TRIBE (because of expensive abortions advertised therein). The logic behind the burning of this last tool of oppression was not quite made clear.

There were numerous raps about

oppression, the oppression that all of us sisters live and work with.

But one right on sister came out with a really FINE hit.

"Men, get yourselves vasectomies. The world does not need anymore of YOUR children. YOUR seed is not that precious to us, because we know you may spill it in us, but you will take off after the next pretty cunt that comes along."

That was fine. That was right on, sister. Cause don't we know they will! But that was the only thing I picked up on at the rally.

I know my sisters are oppressed, I know the University and the phone company sucks; but you carefully

confined your blaze to the wastebasket with your fire extinguisher close at hand.

I know my sisters are oppressed, and I have cried and worked for our liberation. But shouting at heckling males "SHUT UP OR WE'LL CUT YOUR BALLS OFF!" is making nothing but an ass out of yourself.

Unless you got your ball cutters in your back pocket.

Quit bitching about being treated as a sex object while you run around in a transparent bra and short short-shorts.

Get off your "I'm more revolution-ary-liberated than thou" trip.

Get OFF your ego trip and get WITH your sisters.

—Kathy



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WEDNESDAY JUNE 10:
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SUNDAY JUNE 7:
B-BAR-B RANCH,
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FRIDAY JUNE 5 & SATURDAY JUNE 6:
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THE JOY OF COOKING
FRIDAY JUNE 5:
ODYSSEY,
SAN MATEO
WEDNESDAY JUNE 10 & THURSDAY JUNE 11:
FRONTIER VILLAGE,
PALO ALTO



tenneco ten

Ten women are trying to deal with a large, established, male chauvinist corporation. They are not getting much support from their sisters. The women want a union contract (with Local 29—Offices of Professional Employees) so that wages will go up, and the cutback in sick pay which the management is trying to force on them can be stopped. These ten women, and two men, comprise the office staff of Tenneco Corporation, an ink company taking up three square blocks in North Berkeley. 200 male Tenneco workers have joined them in support.

The ten women and their supporters have been on strike for ten days. The management refuses to deal with them. On the main door is a sign which reads "Positions open. Inquire within."

Unfortunately, the ten women cannot

get support from all the workers in the company. There is not one union member working at Tenneco. A large number of workers are "white collar" supervisors who are actually chemists, technicians, and professionals who want nothing to do with a union. Naturally they wouldn't want anything to do with a union when the management gives them small privileges which make them feel important, and which diffuses the repression. Every day, they receive a catered lunch, paid for by the company, which they sit and enjoy in front of all the other workers.

Our ten sisters and their male supporters NEED our help. Tenneco is located at 4th & Camelia in Berkeley. Every day there is a picket line. Heavy action and support by the sisters of our community is needed if these sisters are going to win. Let's start by getting our asses over to that picket line.

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Fri., Sat, June 12-13 **Ramblin Jack Elliot**



The Identity Card

Write down,
I am an Arab,
My card number is 50,000
I have eight children
The ninth will come next summer.
Are you angry?

Write down,
I am an Arab,
I cut stones with my brothers,
I squeeze the rock
For a loaf of bread,
Or a book,
See, I have eight children.
But I do not plead charity
And I do not cringe
Under your sway,
Are you angry?

Write down,
I am an Arab,
I am a name without a title,
Steadfast in a frenzied world.
My roots sink deep
Beyond the ages,
Beyond time.

I am the son of the plough,
A humble peasant
I live in a hut
From reed and stalk.

The hair: jet black.
The eyes: Brown.
My Arab headdress
Scratches intruding hands.
My favorite food: a dip of oil and
thyme.

And please write down,
On top of all,
I hate nobody,
I rob nobody,
But when I starve
I eat the flesh of my oppressors.
Beware,
Beware my hunger,
Beware my wrath.

by Mahmood Darweesh
Palestinian poet

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Toshiro Mifune and
Hiroshi Inagaki's (CHUSHINGURA)

RABBLE

STUDIO B

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LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD
Sacna Pitoeff, Delphine Sayrig (1961)
"Even moviegoers who dislike the picture
will feel irritably impelled to discuss, to
analyze, to interpret what it means."
Time Magazine

and
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Mon - Wed Nightly at 8:30

Josef von Sternberg's THE BLUE ANGEL

with Marlene Dietrich Emil Jannings

ALGIERS with Hedy Lamarr Charles Boyer

June 11 - 14 Thurs - Sun

W.C. Fields IT'S A GIFT

Buster Keaton THE CAMERAMAN

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BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE ST. 6:30, 10:20

Sunday Thru Wednesday: Wallace Beery in

THE BIG HOUSE 4:30, 7:30, 10:30

Gable and Harlow in CHINA SEAS 5:55, 9:00

Thru June 10

Orson Welles' MR. ARKADIN 4:30, 7:50, 11:10

Sam Fuller's HOUSE OF BAMBOO 6:10, 9:30

CINEMA I

CINEMA II



AL FATAH

He is young, dark; a thick beard almost covers his face; he wears the battle tunic of the commandos and over his right shoulder is slung an AK 10 automatic rifle. For months his whereabouts were a mystery; today he is sought by the entire Arab world. His name is Al-Ahmed Assabah and he is the brother of Kuwait's foreign minister. At the end of the war he left his family, his life of wealth and petroleum and became one more fighter in Al Assifa, the military arm of Al Fatah. . . .

PAST & PRESENT

We begin with Balfour. Picture an Englishman in a world of white pith helmets; getting the TIMES in the early evening shade; Balfour sits down and writes a proclamation:

"His Majesty's Government looks favorably on the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people and WILL DO ITS BEST TO ACHIEVE THIS AIM."

He becomes then, this Lord, the King of the Jews, reclaiming a kingdom lost in the year 70 A.D.

The time is 1917, England rules half the world, and the sun looks as if it will never set on those gardens, those faces.

2 years later a group of Zionists present a memorandum to the Paris Peace Conference. They want to establish a Jewish State in Palestine. England relents. Turning Palestine into a Jewish State is not part of their policy. The Zionists begin a large scale terror campaign. And the U.S. takes up where the English left off giving unlimited support to various Zionist projects.

30 years to the day after the Balfour Declaration, imperialism obtains from the U.N. a declaration of the division of Palestine into 2 states, one Arab and one Jewish. Completely ignored is the fact that the Palestinian Arabs make up 93% of the population; own 94% of the land; control 95% of the wealth. In control now of 56% of the land, the Zionists mobilize themselves quickly and turn a racial-religious problem into an economic-political one. 55 nations immediately recognize the new government; many send large contingents of Zionist immigrants to bolster its strength in divided Palestine. A well-equipped army is created, vastly superior to the military forces of the Palestinian forces.

In 1948 the forceful removal of Palestinian Arabs from their homes begins. 20 years later, during the six days war, Israel achieves the complete occupation of Palestine. Their borders extend to the Western bank of the Jordan and far beyond Gaza, with the complete occupation of the Sinai Peninsula.

They are called refugees and there are 2 million of them. They live in camps, in small tents; their human existence is inconceivable. Some live scattered in the mountains; they stretch 2 pieces of cloth over logs; they wait till their country will be free. . . .

THE RISE OF THE VANGUARD

In 1954, in Gaza, under the greatest secrecy, an organization was created for the liberation of Palestine. It was called Al Fatah.

At first they worked cautiously in the shadows, moving among the people, acquainting them with the nature of the struggle and the existence of a vanguard group capable of making any sacrifice in the liberation effort.

11 years were to pass before the Palestinians were able to establish themselves militarily and begin thru armed struggle the process of regaining their freedom, land, and homes. 11 years before Al Fatah succeeded in getting the world to recognize its right to develop the struggle of and for the Palestinian people. But it was during the June war that the commandos made international news with their daring attacks against a powerful army.

ORGANIZATION & STRUCTURE

Who, what is Al Fatah?

It is a national liberation movement. Its leaders, with rare exceptions, are not known; they all use assumed names; they live completely underground.

Al Fatah is led by an Executive Committee which is in charge of both the political and military strategy.

The Political Section reaches every single fighter and it begins on the very first day of training. Its aim is to lead the fighters and the Palestinian people in general toward a better understanding of the struggle and of the problems of the world today; it speaks of a world divided into 2 camps; the people of the world against those who oppress them.

Finally, the Al Assifa (storm commandos) represent the military force responsible for carrying out armed struggle within the occupied territory.

It is true that imperialism has tried to confuse world public opinion; it has even found spokesmen who try to present the struggle as one of Israel, a small people of 2 million Jews, threatened with extermination by 100 million Arabs. We have not taken up arms to force 2 million Jews into the sea or conduct a religious or racial war. The Jews lived with the Arabs for many years and we have never proposed expelling them from Palestine. We are carrying the war forward to expel from our country a military occupation force set up by imperialism and led by the U.S. government. We are showing that in reality the struggle is being waged by an imperialist army of occupation and a handful of Palestinian patriots who keep that army checkmated. Our struggle is for Palestine, for the Arab people, for the world. We are a national liberation movement which is struggling just like the fighters of Vietnam, Bolivia, or any other people of the world.

TIME & CHANGE

The change came, and came in a heavy way, after the disaster of the war in June. Old and decrepit demagogues who for many years had controlled the Palestinian organizations were dismissed. Arab unity increased. The sense of a people engaged in a common struggle took hold and revitalized the masses of Arab people. And armed struggle took precedent over all other forms of the liberation movement.

Today, in training camps, the future liberators of Palestine are being trained. They are divided into small groups, each of which is trained in a different field. Some learn hand-to-hand combat, half of them attacking with knives, and their partners disarming them with astounding ease. Others carefully study how to handle anti-aircraft machine guns; still others learn how to handle bazookas; while, in another part of the camp, hundreds of men do physical and balancing exercises accompanied by loud war chants and battle cries.

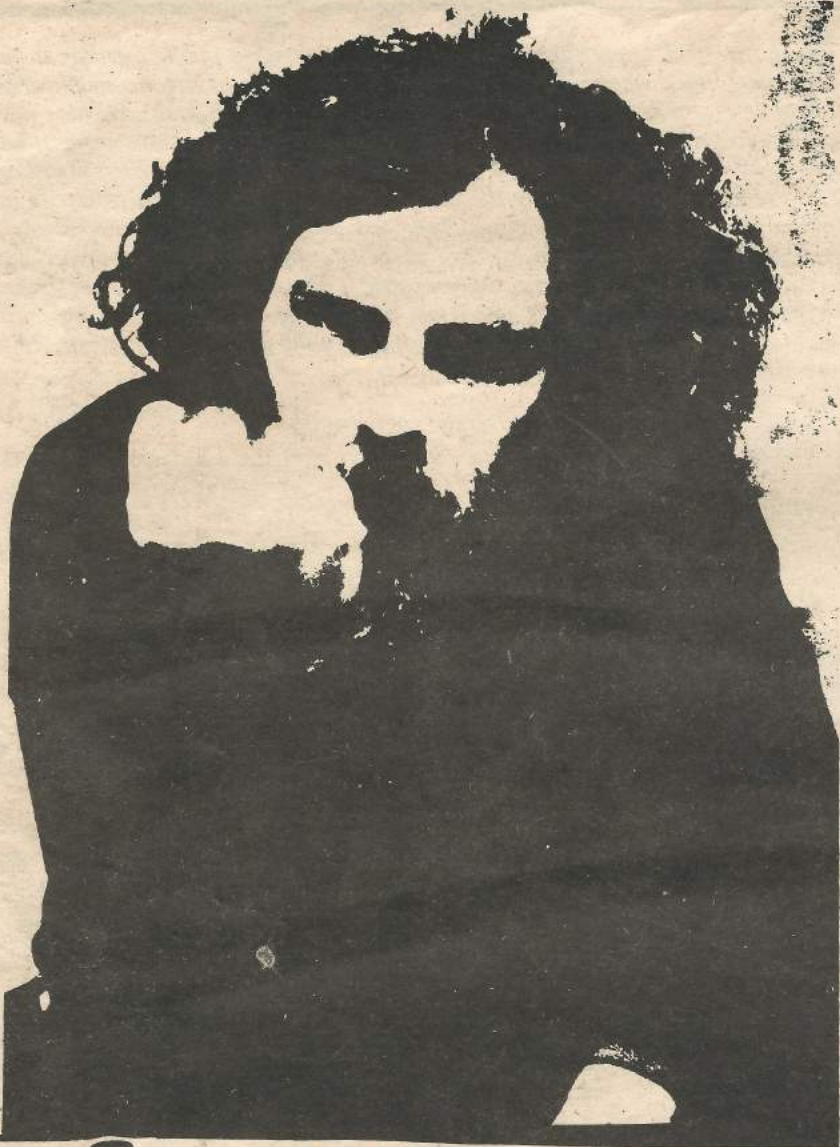
The Middle East is changing and Al Fatah has been instrumental in that change. The era of sultans and kings is fading and the time of revolutionary struggles of the Algerians, the Vietnamese, and other peoples are an example and an inspiration.

The defeat in the June war has, in a way, been turned ultimately into a victory. It taught the Arab people what the only language understood by their enemies is. Al Fatah is the vanguard of that struggle not only because of its heroism militarily, but because it is creating a new generation for the future capable of fighting till the last man. The word "truce" will be an alien one to their ears. The only language they will understand is the language of war that will bring them a definitive peace, the only genuine peace, the peace that brings happiness to people, the peace forged by the revolution.

الشعب الافروامريكي ١٨ آب



الشعب الافروامريكي



Jerry meets Charlie

by Stew Albert

Jerry Rubin spent two hours hearing Charlie Manson rap.

Manson wanted to see Jerry. He sent out the word through Ed Sanders and the meeting took place last Saturday in the LA jail. A pig was always present.

"Rubin, I'm not from your world. I spent most of my life in jail and I've never read a book."

"You ask me if I killed Sharon Tate. Look, every American who pays taxes kills Vietnamese and in a way everybody killed Sharon Tate. But if you mean did I personally have anything to do with killing her? The answer is no."

"I'm for the revolution. It's got to take place. The Panthers and the Muslims are part of the revolution. I approve of Weatherman's latest statement from the underground. The Revolution should tear down all the jails. I live here with the blacks. They are my brothers."

"I lived in the Haight and the pigs destroyed it. So we started our commune and the pigs raided us and so did the Hells Angels. We had to fight back. They are persecuting me because of the way I live. I am no murderer."

"When I was a kid I was too ugly to be adopted. Now I'm too beautiful for them to let me live. I'm grateful for every day I live. I will smile in the gas chamber."

After meeting with Manson, Jerry went out to the Manson family commune and talked to some of the women who are living there.

"Jerry, isn't talking with Charlie like meeting Jesus Christ? Isn't he like a mirror? You look at him and you see the innermost part of yourself. He is everybody's soul. We love him."

I asked Jerry about what kind of take he did on Manson.

"Manson is one of the most compelling people I've ever met. He speaks slowly and keeps looking at your eyes. Sometimes he stops and just studies you to see if he is communicating."

"I don't know if he told me the truth. I believe nothing I read in the pig press. The reason I went to see him was as a member of the Youth International Party

trying to find out the truth.

"Manson just wanted us to know he supports the revolution. He didn't ask me to do anything for him. The meeting was taped and the Manson family has the tape."

We've read a lot of paper-back bullshit about Charles Manson.

Down in L.A. right-wing newscasters refer to him as a movement leader. At the Flint Convention of Weatherman there was enthusiasm for Manson as a cold-blooded killer.

Now Manson speaks and says he's just another freak on the Avenue being hassled.

I guess we'll never know Charles Manson's true name. It's written in invisible ink on jail house walls throughout Amerika.

Charles Manson is Amerika's orphan.



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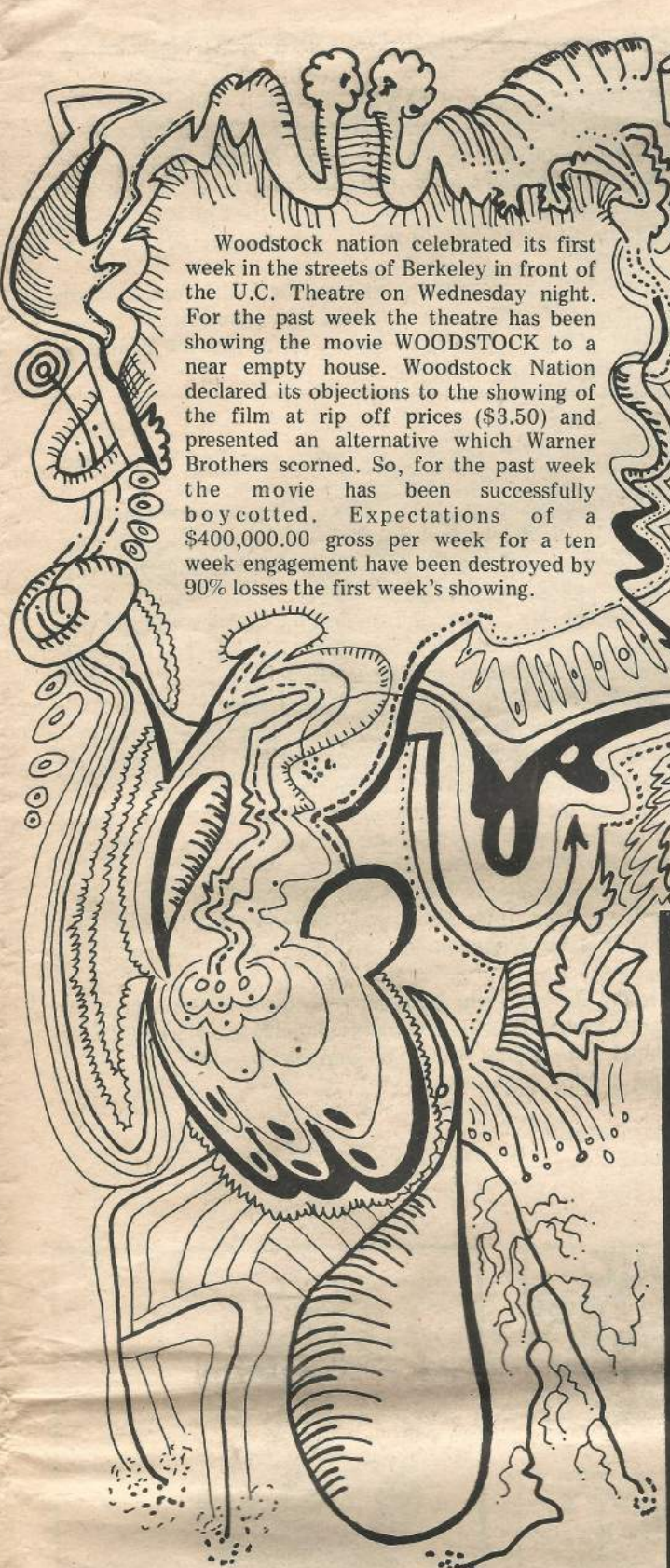


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Woodstock nation celebrated its first week in the streets of Berkeley in front of the U.C. Theatre on Wednesday night. For the past week the theatre has been showing the movie WOODSTOCK to a near empty house. Woodstock Nation declared its objections to the showing of the film at rip off prices (\$3.50) and presented an alternative which Warner Brothers scorned. So, for the past week the movie has been successfully boycotted. Expectations of a \$400,000.00 gross per week for a ten week engagement have been destroyed by 90% losses the first week's showing.

Tonight the people were in high spirits and celebrating their culture in the streets with some righteous rock'n roll. People created the spirit of what Woodstock was all about...even the theatre manager, who resembles Sam the Sham, was digging it. Folks were deep into the Ozone, carrying on, when the Pigs arrived, arms outstretched, with an order to cease. They claimed six noise complaints. We claimed disruption of the people's peace. Then like a fascist Guy Lombardo, he ordered, "Cease the music!" The music stopped but for one brother wailing on a soo-ee-saphone, used

to call snouts! Responding to the call they took the instrument and almost the brother, too.

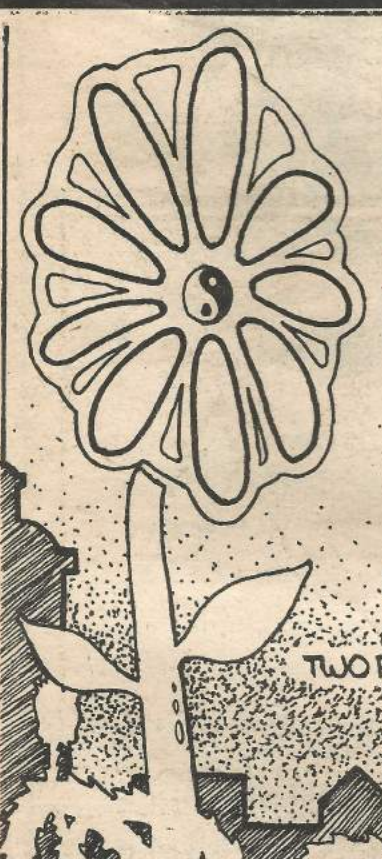
A week long boycott at the theatre has drawn street people, bikers, students and professionals together. Hundreds of people have turned away after discussing our demands with us. We want three Community Benefit showings at a dollar fifty per person. The proceeds would go DIRECTLY BACK into the community. Until Warner Brothers meets our demands, the boycott will continue. The emerging Woodstock Nation is free. Woodstock is free...of cost, of age limits, and for people!

free the n.y. panther 21

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INFORMER

(from pg. 7)

DEMMERLE: I was directly subordinate to the Black Panthers. Everybody in the organization was subordinate to me. My duty was to run the organization.

PRESS: Were there other informers in the groups that you were infiltrating?

DEMMERLE: I believe there are quite a few around.

PRESS: Would it be your judgement that almost every radical left-wing group has got an informer working in it today?

DEMMERLE: I would say so.

PRESS: Was your information involved in any way in the arrests of the Young Patriots?

DEMMERLE: I have no way of knowing.

PRESS: Other than the bombings, did any information that you gave to the FBI lead to the prevention of any crimes or violence or takeover?

DEMMERLE: Yes.

PRESS: What was the mechanics of your informing? How did you get the information thru to the FBI?

DEMMERLE: Some demonstrations that were planned where violence was planned. The Bureau would forward my information to the local authorities, who would respond to it.

PRESS: For example...?

DEMMERLE: Regular meetings.

PRESS: You would meet with special agents of the FBI in New York periodically?

DEMMERLE: Yes.

PRESS: Are there informers on the far right? For instance, does the National Renaissance Party have informers working in it, do you know?

DEMMERLE: I have no idea, but I hope so.

PRESS: When you were picked up on the bomber case and this whole thing came to light — how did you feel about the young woman that you lived with, who had a great affection for you, and who was not aware of this?

DEMMERLE: No comment on that.

PRESS: Was it kind of a battle for you — did your role as an informer affect your personal life?

DEMMERLE: Yeah.

PRESS: It IS personal, but at this point, it involves people who want to know what kind of a person you are.

DEMMERLE: What kind of a person I am? It's very simple. I care about this country, I care about the people. There are kids in the movement on drugs who I helped steer away from hard drugs, got 'em to go home — other people who I steered into less radical positions — actually, I risked exposure quite often, to help people who I thought weren't too well steeped in political ideology, who could be reached. And I did reach quite a few.

PRESS: Did you find it very difficult to go to bed with women to learn more information?

DEMMERLE: I didn't go to bed to learn information... no. It doesn't pay that way.

PRESS: Weren't some of these women that you had relations with part of the movement?

DEMMERLE: Well, one of them belonged to a clandestine group that was planning to go into sabotage.

PRESS: Did you feel that the groups you infiltrated were pretty much organized and controlled, or that they were doing their own thing?

DEMMERLE: It was indirect control. A lot of it's manipulation. I could point out a beautiful string... it's like the burning of the schools. The whole thing's manipulated. It takes one person... one person can raise hell, can tear down a college.

PRESS: How do you feel now as far as being in any personal danger?

DEMMERLE: Well, there were several attempts on my life after the case was exposed. One place I was staying, an arsonist came, cut off the elevator, the electricity, and set fire to the hotel.

PRESS: For the most part, was the information you gave the FBI information on people in the groups—who they were, their names, and what they were doing?

DEMMERLE: Just primarily strategies, tactics, people involved, like the Pentagon, Chicago, things that are planned in different places.

PRESS: How much did the FBI direct your activities?

DEMMERLE: Very little.

PRESS: What kind of check did they run on you when you first volunteered information to them?

DEMMERLE: My whole life. Background, people, relatives, places of employment...

PRESS: You did that for six years. As you look back over those six years, do they count as a very long and difficult period of your life? Or was it something that you take pride in, and now find was well worth the trouble?

DEMMERLE: That's hard to say. My understanding now of politics—radical and legitimate politics—is fantastic. You can't help but learn from it. I learned that there are people in the extreme left who don't belong there—just like there are people who don't belong in the extreme right. People who are going to get themselves killed. And really—there's no need for it. They're being used.

PRESS: And so you moved to stop it.

DEMMERLE: Yeah. If I could stop them, that's what I'm primarily concerned with. It's just stupid the way a lot of these people respond to things, it really is. Like I couldn't understand the rationality behind the response to Cambodia. I sent Nixon a telegram—I was deliriously happy. Wow! The war's going to be over soon! There's no other answer for it. But yet the response on the left was "invasion", etc. Militarily, strategically, tactically, any way you look at it—there was no other answer for Vietnam. Nixon said he wanted out of Vietnam, and this is the only way he could do it.

PRESS: I have one last question for you. You spent six years more or less living as a hippie, as a person living in the East Village—now you're back living as a straight. How much of your East Village hippie/yippie lifestyle are you going to continue?

DEMMERLE: A lot of it I dig.

PRESS: Like what?

DEMMERLE: Hmmm... no comment.

PRESS: Thank you very much.

women

The East Bay Feminists have gotten themselves so together that they will be having orientation meetings for new women bi-weekly,

starting this Monday (June 8), 8 PM, c/o Jane Martelli, 2015 Stuart, Berkeley 94703.

Child care will be provided. Necessary childcare equipment requested of all women coming. The Women's Center at 1126 Addison they have started will be open by July, work starting now.

To join small groups call Naomi at 848-1012, Jeannie Kruger at 652-7185, Cynthia X at 549-3972.

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MUCH
TO ASK....

...TO BE WEAK
IN WHAT I AM
AS WELL AS
STRONG IN
WHAT I'M BECOMING

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for my attempts
as well as
CRITICIZED
for my failures

...TO BE LOVED
AS WELL AS
STRUGGLED WITH



KARMIC STRIP

by the Peoples' Opiate Church

We are pleased to inform the community of the arrival of Yogi Archarya Vimalananda Avadhuta. Currently he is on a world-wide tour teaching the philosophy and practices of ANANDA MARGA ("The Path to Bliss").

Dadaji will be talking this Sunday at an informal lecture-picnic in the Hinkel Amphitheater off the Arlington, Berkeley. It will begin around 11am and last into the afternoon. People are encouraged to bring food, flowers and joy. Signs will be posted to help guide

you to the location.

Monday Vimalananda will be speaking on campus at 8pm in the lounge in the Student Union building. This talk is sponsored by the C.P.E.

Dadaji teaches Astanga and Kundalini yoga. ASTANGA yoga is called the eight-fold yoga, a system comprised of eight techniques including exercises, meditation, breathing, behavior and other doctrines. It is not a religion but a total science of mind, body and personality to help us utilize and channel our latent energies which normally go untapped.

Since we haven't heard this teacher



before, we can only go by what his press releases say about his trip. According to his students, all his lectures and private initiations are free of charge and open to all. This is a healthy sign in these days of runaway inflation from which even the "Yoga Business" isn't immune. However, voluntary donations for his traveling expenses would be appreciated.

His name is translated as one who sets an example of his devotion and who serves the people with selflessness. While being only 28, he has been practicing yoga since he was six. No generation-
veneration gap problem.

image:

in the distance (Chicago — city within the leading state of Legal Liberation of Gays) we hear Prosecutor Thomas Foran screamingheterosexual telling the people "We must save our children from the freaking fag revolution" at Abbot Hoffman (who is currently starring in the New Society film "Would-Suck Nathan—but i got hangups)

then we have (faintly-saintly Abbot Hoffman) warning us of the ugly-old degeneration that we must be saved from — in his Bible (ie. "Deadsolution: For the Hell of it") he preaches at the Hudson Institute meeting, "Look how freaky we are with our flowers and bells. We know we're right. One of the members confesses to me, 'We're glad you brought your girlfriends. They are alot prettier than ours.' Of course they are, they are beautiful women, we beautiful men. You guys are fags, machines."

(it should be noted that Thomas Foran writes as a ghost-writer for A.S.(S) Neil and Abbot Hoffman in between rosemarys (on his roseary it is rummored that he skips the our fathers; therefore he does rosemarys rather than rosearys) he is a writer for Popular Mechanics)

but least we freeze into one of these oppinions there is a third ex-pert Elder Cleaver (famous for his "soul on ice"—a victime of suspended animation's account of the Amerikan Shuck)/ he tells us that we are not animals (raping the village 3-year-olds) as Foran would have us believe nor are we machines (having 24-hour-orgasms/ totally uninvolved toasters — pop in two queers, heat until they brown each other) no we are "a combination of the two" — Cleaver says, "I, for one, do not think homosexuality is the latest advance over heterosexuality on the scale of human exolution. Homosexuality is a sickness, just as are baby-rap or wanting to become head of General Motors."

as a Faggot writer i'd just like to say "Amerika i'm tired of your whole 'i'm frightened for my children jive' (we are your children)" and i do love... love... love... love... love... love... love... love... (arm now in the correct groove i'll continue) it's about time we, Gays, as a people were consulted for any 1/2 accurate picture of what we are or are not

Charles P. Thorp—bold soul sister



An artists' collective is in the process of setting up a radical graphics workshop. Our purpose is to create a center where revolutionary artists and non-artists can design and produce posters for the community. We hope to set up facilities for darkroom work, silk screen and offset printing.

If you know of a place in Berkeley where we could install our equipment (we need about 3000 square feet) either free or for cheap rent, call Sally at 527-5669 or Harriet at 548-0308.

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YIPPIES IN MOSCOW

Moscow, May 19
Hotel Ukraine
built by Stalin
inhabited by KGB
and other pigs

Dear Tovarishi and Tovarishs of the YIP.

Being impudent enough to arrive without visas we spent our first two days in the Moscow airport/hotel/prison walking around, browsing through the Little Lenin Library (free pamphlets) and tripping out on the huge red billboard of Lenin outside the hotel.

As Amerikan hippie/yippies we were the main attraction, standing out in the stream of Ukrainian peasants with braids down to their toes, Chinese in uniform with blazing buttons of Chairman Mao, Greek Orthodox priests with long black robes, and your regular Russian. Far fucking out! Our friendly house "frau" asked us "What mean those buttons you wear?" We explained the fist and female symbol of the women's liberation movement. "And this -shito eto?" It's a Yippie button. "Heepee", she said gleefully, "I MUST have thees one".

Quite a contrast to housefrau number two (or should we call her Big Sister) who appeared mysteriously every time we were about to start some Yippie mischief.

After the second day of our internment, we were liberated from the Hotel by our Vietnamese comrades, armed with our passports and visas. We were driven to the Stalinoid monstrosity of the Hotel Ukraine, a Soviet Conrad Hilton.

We are not welcome in the dining room here. They won't accept our national costume of jeans and fringes, and our loose long hair.

The best way to meet Russians, we found, was just walking around near Red Square. They are very friendly and hospitable and want to talk, and there's usually someone around to interpret. We spent a day with Natasha and her friends, poets and artists. They are offended by all politics, art is their only reality. Art for art's sake. Ivan wonders why drugs are "necessary". We say that life is art, life is a poem, and all people can be artists. Marijuana and LSD help create a vision



that once was the property of a select group of artists, but now is shared by great numbers of young people. "What a shame," he said. "All people cannot be great artists." These Russians define themselves as part of an exclusive artistic class, not as artists of the street.

Their Russian hospitality envelops us, hugs, kisses, "I love you's," and then a grand exchange of presents. We give them buttons, beads, a fringed vest and pocketbook; they give us antique Russian weaving implements, straw slippers, a Ukrainian jacket and peasant blouse. And they recite poems in Russian, and show us their paintings, and food and drink and drink and food.

It seems all straight Russians are engineers. We met two young Komsomol (Russian Young Communists) and went off for coffee and ice-cream. An ice-cream parlor filled with young people on their day off. We're seated at a table with two Russian girls who are also engineers. It's very difficult for us to explain to them how come we don't work. They dig that we're part of an anti-war revolutionary movement. They told us about Komsomol which meets every month, usually around work. They said when the United States invaded Cambodia they had many meetings about it, condemning it. We told them that young Americans see Cambodia as similar

to Czechoslovakia. "Oh, no, no," they said. "We were invited into Czechoslovakia to protect the working class". And Stalin? "He was a great man but he made many mistakes".

One day we spotted some long-haired youths ambling down the street. "Are you Russians?" we asked. "We're hippies". Russian hippies - far out! They know English through listening to rock records which are brought in from other countries. Creedence Clearwater, The Stones, Jimi Hendrix, and a long list of others. They can relate to 'back in the USSR'. John Lennonites!

Some were more political, more tough, more violent than others. Four years ago they used to sing and play music by the river near the Kremlin, but today all that is forbidden. They told us of their many near misses with the police.

As we walked across Red Square, the police pulled up in a car behind us. Two of our Russian friends were very freaked out and split. Then from across the Square near Lenin's tomb a voice called out "Cut your hair and join the Russian Army".

The Vietnamese have been really right on. Yesterday (May 19) on Ho Chi Minh's birthday, they invited us to the Vietnamese embassy. After a film on Ho Chi Minh's life, there was a reception. The Laotians gave us rings and wristlets

made of the 1000th Amerikan plane that had been shot down, and the 20 year old son of Prince Souvannavong is now wearing a Yippie button. We talked with the Minister of Justice for Cambodia, and the friendly ambassadors from North and South Vietnam. "In spite of the horror of the war, it has brought us together and made us friends", they said. "We are all victims of Nixon, the world's greatest liar". We told them how young men and women in Amerika grow their hair long, how we don't want to look like Pat and Tricky Dick. "Ah, a form of protest. I guess I'm too conservative," laughed the North Vietnamese ambassador, pointing at his short hair.

The Russians were civil, the Chinese pointedly refrained from shaking hands with us. Long after everyone else had left, we were still rapping with the Laotians, Cambodians and Vietnamese. We brought greetings from the Youth International Party to all our friendly allies from Indochina.

Our sister Genie from the White Panther Party has just arrived in Moscow, and tomorrow we leave on an 18 hour journey to Hanoi via Samarkand, Karachi and Calcutta.

We love all of you back home, and we're always talking about you.

All power to the people. Yippie!
gumbo and nancy

army from the north

Eight leaders of the Seattle Liberation Front have been indicted on various counts of conspiracy, crossing state lines, inciting to riot and destruction of Federal property. They face possible ten year jail stints.

The charges stem directly from Seattle's TDA activities. The SLF-sponsored actions resulted in fifty to a hundred thousand dollars damage to several Federal buildings and banks. TDA was the heaviest radical action the Northwest has ever seen since the 1930's, with several thousand people participating.

Of the 85 demonstrators and bystanders busted on the day itself, the FBI managed, after two months of investigation, to squeeze out of the Grand Jury indictments for eight of the "leaders."

Since its formation in January, SLF has organized such actions as anti-Boeing demonstrations, a student strike, and a free-food program. The indictments are seen as an attempt to destroy the leadership of SLF and intimidate its rank and file.

Two of those indicted are Weatherpeople, thrown in to support the Government's contention that SLF is dominated by Weathermen.

The FBI has botched its case in several ways due to sloppy investigation. One of those indicted, Joe Kelley, from Cornell, never set foot in the State of Washington during the time he is supposed to have been planning a riot there.

Among those indicted is Michael Lerner, assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, who came to Seattle from Berkeley last August. Other recent arrivals in Seattle ("outside agitators") are the former Cornell SDS'ers Kelley, Jeff Dowd, Chip Marshall and Michael Abeles.

The remaining three, Roger Lippman, Sue Stern and Michael Justesen, were in the Seattle SDS. Justesen has not yet been caught by the FBI.

Defense attorneys include UCLA law professor Michael Tigar and Carl Maxey, a black lawyer currently seeking the Democratic nomination for the Senate seat now held by Henry Jackson.

The defendants were released on \$5,000 bail, but they need legal defense aid. Send any donations to: Seattle Liberation Front, c/o Chip Marshall, 2815 NE 105 St., Seattle, Washington.

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****TEEN Clinic** in the Haight; birth control, contraception, abortion counseling wed. after 3pm; 1101 Masonic SF; 922-1720; Planned Parenthood.

****Spare Change theatre** needs actors and actresses of all ages and races who feel committed to theatre as their craft and who want to form a theatre cooperative. Experience in conventional form not necessary. Call 845-9067.

***IDEAS** Game playing & discuss'n nights, game inventors workshop; parties, special events for membership info, newsletter, 387-5999 or 460 35th Ave SF 94121.

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****GATHERING** to exchange info on communes; Moe's Bkstre Basement; Thursdays 8-10pm.
***FILM Festival:** Modern Sex Institute; 7:30pm; call 346-4552 10-10 M-F.
****NEW F.M. Talk Show** "Voices of Berkeley" is heard over KQED FM (88.5) 9-10am, Wednesdays, 1-12 mid. on Fridays: Jack Telfer, Bkly teacher is moderator. Will interview Berkeleyans w/ all viewpoints-left to right.

art

+SF Museum of Art presents recent acquisitions of Giacometti, Matisse, Berman, Albers, Held, Gottlieb, Motherwell & Sam Frances; May 29 - July 5; at regular museum hrs; FREE
+Bricewall Gallery presents works by Kavalier, Lewis, Goartzen; 1652 Shattuck;

June 7 - July 3; tues - sat 10am - 5:30pm, Sun 1-5pm.
+Line Drawings at Geoffrey Eisen of Coffee Cantata, 2030 Union St, SF; 8pm Fri; thru June 22.
+Photographs by Italian, Mario Giacomelli at the SF Museum of Art. June 9 - July 12.
+Madrid Suite", lithographs by Ribert Motherwell, abstract impressionist, SF Museum of Art; June 10 - July 12.
+Sausalito Art Center Galleries are accepting work from interested artists & craftsmen for exhibit; call 332-4475 Mon - Fri between 1-4pm.

+Kinetic Patterns, an exhibit by light-sculptor Fletcher Benton; Bkly Art Center; May 29-July 5.
+The Sacred Art of Tibet; a benefit exhibition for Tibetan Nyingmapa Meditation Center; May 29-June 14. Concurrent to Tibetan Film Festival & Weekend Crafts Fair; College of Arts & Crafts Annex, 5301 Broadway, Oak; 549-1572.
+Recent acquisitions in photography: exhibition will feature Ramiel in His Attic organized by the San Francisco Museum of Art; June 3-July 12.
+Show of Paintings by Gordon Onslow-Ford reflecting 5 yrs work, SF Museum of Art; June 2-28.
+Bay Area Printmakers, a 5-man exhibition of the current directions in printmaking in the Bay Area; SF Museum of Art.
+Exhibition of German artist Kaethe Kollwitz; SF Museum of Art; thru June 7

draft

+Quaker Draft Counsel 843-9725.
+ASUC Draft Counseling, 209 Eshleman UCB, 642-1431.
+West Coast Counseling Service: Monterey: 408-373-2305 Oakland: 415-836-1039 San Diego: 714-234-1305 SF: 415-621-7035
+409 HOUSE: Open house draft counselling, free library, cottage industries program; much more, Mon-Sat 3-10:30pm, 409 Clayton SF. FREE: info 621-9553
+CENTRAL Committee for Conscientious Obj. (CCCC) 437 Market SF, 397-6917
+DRAFT Info Cntr for S. Alameda Cnty: 3137 Castro Valley Blvd Rm 205, Castro Valley 10am-4pm, 581-4015
+CHINATOWN - N. Beach draft help, 854 Kearny, 781-2922 noon-5pm; during wk. leave message 863-0775

needs

+The Timothy Leary Benefit is producing play "Prometheus Bound". Needs one outstanding actress, 3 actors & 10 female B&W dancers. Tryouts are Mon. June 9 at Sherwood Forest, 7pm. 843-5280 for info.
PERFORMING groups need place to rehearse. Free or exchange for labor. Beautiful vibes; call 841-3524.

MSI needs volunteer counselors for trainee program. Men & women of all sexualities. Call 346-4552.
+EAST Oakland Switchboard needs: typewriter, duplicating machine, paper, tables, rugs, drapes, lamps, electric heater, hot plates; 2812 73rd Oak; 569-3639.
+NEEDED: poems, articles, art work, photos for Utopian newspaper (Kerista) 386-9934.
+A free medical clinic opened during recent city hospital strike. The Center, 2990 22nd St, SF; needs money for medical supplies, lab equipment etc. 285-3655.
+Modern Sex Institute needs large (several bdrm) house NOW! Can pay up to \$350 mo. 346-4552.
+Everyman's Free Clinic needs volunteer doctors, nurses, lab techs, equipment & supplies; 863-7187 after 4pm.
+International Ecology University needs volunteers for research, typing, etc.; 300 Eshleman; 642-1954.

+Uppity Women's Fishing Boat: We have a 40' boat & are converting into an ocean fishing boat; part of fishing co-op to sell to food conspiracy. All women welcome anytime. 647-4205; free.
+Craftsmen need your old glass jars for making candle lanterns. Call Bob Smith, 548-2109 before June 15; 845-9267 or 848-9303 after.
+Needed: urgently - clothes for newborn to 6 mo, and a Front Baby Carrier. Call 549-2080 anytime.

classes

***Sewing** classes for stick chicks, mini, midi, maxis & high - style decoration; 2395 21st Ave, SF; 12 hrs for \$20. Call 681-8840.
***Series** of multi-racial workshops for adult; dancers workshop of SF; June 8 - July 3. 321 Divisadero St; 626-0414.
***Sausalito Art Center** is planning a children's summer camp series beginning June 22; call 332-4475 for info. Weekdays 1-4pm.
***California Inst. of Asian Studies** Summer Seminar on "The Future Evolution of Man" according to Chardin & Aurobindo; Aug. 14-16. 648-1489.
***Classes** in Greek dancing; John's Studio; 231 Valencia St SF; 621-9094.
***Classes** in the Ensemble's Modern Movement Series; June 6 & 13; 4725 Cabrillo
***T'ai Chi Ch'uan** (Marin), 7:30pm, Thurs, Sausalito Art Cntr; \$2 class; 456-7948 info
***Body movement, body** fantasy, sensory awareness; Thurs, 10am - 12 noon & 8-10pm; 1st Unitarian Church SF; \$2.50/class; info 647-8019.
***Yoga - exercise, breathing;** day & eve, openings; People's Opate Church, Bkly, \$1. 845-2248
****ALL WOMEN'S CARPENTRY** Class; we are working in a shop & remodeling part of a house; will work on women's center; 7pm Tues & Fris, call 254-5161; 548-4076 free.

****New Happiness Workshop:** for gays only, a fresh approach to personal dilemma & social conflicts, 451 Fredrick st, SF; Sun 7pm, info 661-0699
***Modern dance & body** sensitivity; YWCA SF, 620 Sutter St 775-6500
***Nature Study** workshop covering earth crafts, nature study, primitive life; weekly; Tohoo National Forest; Carl McKissick, Box 363, Cedar Ridge, Cal 95924; \$10
****Free painting & drawing** workshop for La Raza in the Mission, 3001 22nd St, SF 992-3345

***Creative movement - Encounter;** Atlantis Institute; Tues evenings, 8 - 10pm; \$2.50, 549-0694 for info.
***Body movement teachers & facilitators:** interested in weekly rap - and - demonstration session where we could exchange ideas and experience each other's ways of working. SF & Berk - Jane Jacobs. 647-8019

***Summer Session of Current Trends in Jazz & Rock Music** at SF Conservatory of Music from Aug 3 - 21. Tuition \$150. [415] 564-8086
***SF Conservatory of Music** will host workshop in music of India. July 13 - Aug 21. Tuition \$180. [415] 564-8086.

***The Theatre** presents their acting class every Mon; contact Jean Ross 845-4123
***Class** in Card Weaving, macrame, natural dying & spinning; Tues 7-9pm; James Kenney Park, 8th & Del; 525-0684

***The Ensemble** will offer a modern movement series taught by Welland Lathrop on Sats; 1:30pm; 4725 Cabrillo. 387-3732.

***Ali Akbar College of Music** Summer Session in Classical North Indian music: sarod, sitar, tabla, flute, voice, guitar and kathak dance. June 14-Sept. 7: for info call 457-2518.

***Guitar, Yoga, Cantonese** Cooking 60 other classes & clubs; YWCA, SF; call 775-6500.

****Fourth Way Research Cntr;** discuss'n group led by Victor Garbarini under auspices of CPE at UCB; open to gen public, courses consist of discussions of Gurdjieff, Ouspensky, Zen authors & Krishnamurti & on the personal experiences in the field of higher levels of consciousness; Tues 8pm, 7th Seal Coffeehouse.
***Erotology Class;** Sexual Freedom League; mon eves at 8:30pm, \$2; (\$10 reg), 664-6008



friday 5

*Round Robin Folk Singing:
Cedar Bonita Coffeehouse;
8:30pm, \$5.50

*Vimala Lananda, Yogi from
Ranchi, India speaking at yoga
pad health center, 1880 Turk
St. SF; 8pm, donations
requested.

*Country Weather &
Daybreak; Keystone Korner;
750 Vallejo; 781-0697.

thursday 11

saturday 6

sunday 7

FLICKS

SOUNDS

SOUNDS

*Boz Scaggs & Shades of Joy;
New Orleans House; 9:30pm;
\$2.50

*Garden of Delights presents:
Thompson Brothers;
Maximum Speed Limit and
Comedian Steve Kane;
Sausalito Art Center; 9pm;
\$1.50, refreshments served;
332-4475

*John Fahey; Matrix; 8:30pm;
\$2.50

*Audium, a theatre in Sound;
309 4th Ave, SF; 8:30 &
10:45pm; \$2

*Rockwell & Cooking Mama;
Keystone Korner; 750
Vallejo; 781-0697

*Elvin Bishop & Dry Creek
Road; the Lion's Share; 9pm;
454-9856

*The Grateful Dead, New
Riders of the Purple Sage &
Southern Comfort; Fillmore;
8:30pm, \$3.50

*Commander Cody;
Mandrakes; 9:30; 845-9065

SOUNDS

*Boz Scaggs & Shades of Joy;
New Orleans House; 9:30pm;
\$2.50

*Garden of Delights presents:
Thompson Brothers &
Mendelbaum; 9pm; \$1.50;
refreshments served; Sausalito
Art Center; 332-4475

*John Fahey; Matrix; 8:30pm;
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*Rockwell & Cooking Mama;
Keystone Korner; 750
Vallejo; 781-0697

*Elvin Bishop & Dry Creek
Road; the Lion's Share; 9pm;
454-9856

*Folk Concert for the
Committee for Amendment to
End the War; Cedar & Bonita;
8:30pm, \$1

*The Grateful Dead, New
Riders of the Purple Sage &
Southern Comfort; Fillmore;
8:30pm, \$3.50

*Lightnin' Hopkins, Sandy
Bull & Ramblin' Jack Elliott;
Abraham Lincoln School Aud;
8:30pm; \$3 & \$3.50

*Commander Cody;
Mandrakes; 9:30pm;
845-9065

SOUNDS

*Lightnin' Hopkins & Lamb;
New Orleans House; 2:30pm;
\$2.25

*The Soulful Glide Ensemble;
Benefit featuring Dick
Gregory, Jane Fonda, David
Hilliard, Charles Garry;
Committee United for
Political Prisoners;
Longshoremen's Hall, 400
North Pt. St. SF; 8pm;
771-6300

*The Grateful Dead, New
Riders of the Purple Sage &
Southern Comfort; Fillmore;
8:30pm, \$3

*Commander Cody;
Mandrakes; 9:30pm; 845-9065

*Choral Concert; Bach's St.
Matthew Passion; St. John's
Presbyterian Church, Bkly;
4pm, FREE

*The Kiss & De L'Amour;
Fethers Pt; 6:30 & 9:15pm;
\$1.50

*The Big House (4:30, 7:30,
10:30) & China Seas (5:55,
9:00) Cinema 1, Telegraph
Rep. Mr. Arkadin (4:30, 7:50,
11:10) House of Bamboo,
(6:10, 9:30) Cinema 2

*8mm showings; bring own
reel 8mm & 8mm; Little Red
Bookstore; 8pm; coffee
served; 648-0420

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FLICKS

*The Blue Angel & Algiers;
Fethers Pt; 8:30pm, \$1.50

*Medina, LBJ, Cyclone;
Venceremos Brigade; Starr
King School, 2441 LeConte;
7:30pm, \$1

*Art Inst. Student Films, 800
Chestnut St, Rm. 25; 8pm;
bring films, friends, opinions;
\$2.5, 665-2173

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*HAPPENINGS

*Tarot & I Ching for
beginners; 8pm; \$3; call
922-5048 for info; SF

*For interview for
scholarships, call for a Tues.
night appointment with Clint
Shelby at the Dancers'
Workshop, SF; 626-0414

*Meditation meetings; Study
in writings of J. Krishnamurti
on the meaning of total
freedom; 451 Fredrick St. SF;
8pm; 661-0699

*General Sexual Encounter;
Modern Sex Institute;
922-1874

*Endromon Encounter Group;
843-2357

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Fethers Pt; 8:30pm, \$1.50

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SOUNDS

*ABSSKHY; New Orleans
House; 9pm; \$2

*John Sebastian, Buddy Miles
and Pig; Fillmore; 8:30; \$3

*Lightnin' Hopkins; Matrix;
8:30pm; \$2

*Boz Scaggs; Keystone
Korner; 781-0697

*Flaming Groovy; Mandrakes;
9:30pm; 845-9065

*HAPPENINGS

*It's A Gift, the Cameraman,
In the Park, Twice Two;
Fethers Point; 8:30pm; \$5.50

*Canyon Cinematheque hosts
one-man show of films by
Stan Vanderbeck; 800
Chestnut St, SF; 8:30pm;
\$1.25

*Nocturnal Dream Shows
presents; Zazie Dans Le Metro,
and Picnic on the Grass; Palace
Th; Midnight

*Etched in Nth; the Ensemble;
8:30pm; 387-3732 for info

*HAPPENINGS

*Jung & Freud seminar for
introverts; 8pm; \$3; call
922-5048 for info; SF

*Gay Encounter Group;
Modern Sex Inst; 922-1874

*Group Counseling Sessions
for G.I.'s; First Presbyterian
Church, Van Ness at
Sacramento; 7pm

*Sensory Awareness
movement, fantasy, ritual;
morn & evening; 1st Unitarian
Church, SF; \$2.50 session,
647-8019

*The Blue Angel & Algiers;
Fethers Pt; 8:30pm, \$1.50

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King School, 2441 LeConte;
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8pm; 661-0699

FLICKS

*The Kiss & De L'Amour;
Fethers Pt; 7:15 & 10pm;
\$1.50

*Closely Watched Trains;
YWCA, 2600 Bancroft; \$1.25
Ball Benefit; 7:30 & 9:30pm;
\$1.50